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SIXPENCE.



THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS—No. V., CEYLON: BRITISH OFFICIALS DEPOSING THE TYRANNICAL KING OF KANDY, 1815.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.—(FOR DESCRIPTION, SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.")

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The Foreign Office has changed its mind, and accepted the service of a Boer contingent for Somaliland. This grieves the timid souls who think it is much too soon for Boers to engage in Imperial business. We ought to wait until all the Dutch in South Africa are willing that Boer riflemen should serve in a distant part of the Empire. To send them there now may hurt the feelings of the Bond, and of the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church. When Chatham sent Highland clansmen to fight for King George in Canada, he did not ask the permission of all the Jacobites in Scotland. General Viljoen, who offered his services some time ago for the Somaliland Expedition, and is still willing to be an Imperial soldier, does not think it needful to seek the blessing of Dutch divines, or wait until a popularly elected Government in the Transvaal has given its sanction to his new military career. Many Boers who fought against us for three years must have a confirmed relish for campaigning; and to turn this to account for Imperial purposes should be obviously sound policy, except for the moralists who think it is wicked to chasten the Somalis.

The splendour of the Delhi Durbar has overtaken the prose of the special correspondents. They must regret that they did not take a few months' training in blank verse. I observe in some of them tokens of a settled melancholy. One gentleman who has seen pearls as big as pigeon's eggs, and emeralds as big as hen's eggs, is manifestly thinking of the depression to which the sight of eggs will reduce him when he comes home. Eggs, even when accompanied by bacon, will disappear from his morning meal. They will remind him too painfully of the lustrous marvels of the East, compared to which the gems that content the West are pitiful gewgaws. Moreover, the incredulity of his womenkind when he taps the breakfast egg, and sighs, "Ah! you should have seen the emeralds as big as this," will become too sore a trial. Perhaps his youngsters keep pigeons, and when they show him the eggs of those amiable birds, he will not be able to resist the temptation to remark for the hundredth time, "My son, in India these are pearls!" Boys are little sceptics nowadays, and the Indian reminiscences of the special correspondent may prove injurious to household discipline. So he is probably wondering just now what decent excuse he can invent for banishing the pigeons!

Who is most to be pitied at this moment? If this conundrum were put up for competition, the popular answer would probably be, "The licensed victualler." Uneasy lies the head that keeps The Crown. In his sleep the landlord murmurs, "This is the best-conducted ale-house within a hundred yards. No bother with the police these many years. But now, if I don't know a drunkard as soon as I clap eyes on him, or recognise him by his photograph, and if I serve him with a drop, there's a heavy fine under the new Act!" The new Act says nothing about photographs; but it is expected that a portrait of every habitual drunkard will be framed and glazed and hung in the publican's gallery of art. How else is he to detect the culprit who asks for the modest quencher which is illegal? The convicted drunkard is debarred by law from buying liquor for three years. Desperation may sharpen his wits. He may wear a wig and green spectacles. Photographed with a shaven face, he may let his beard grow. How is the publican, unaided by Sherlock Holmes, to distinguish every black sheep amid the woolly whiteness of his usual customers?

Then photography is often misleading; the camera is a great obliterater of those delicate shades of personality which prevent us from mistaking one man's features for another's. One toper with a bottle-nose is apt to look like another toper with a bottle-nose, and photography may heighten the resemblance. But every bottle-nose is not a proof that the owner has been sentenced to total abstinence, at least in public, for three years. The landlord of The Crown, after a hasty glance through his art gallery, may fall into a dire confusion of bottle-noses, and expose himself to an action for slander. I am not learned in such matters, but I take it that if an innocent citizen is charged with being the habitual drunkard under the Act, and denied his glass, he will be entitled to claim damages. If he can bring an action for false imprisonment, why not an action for unmerited odium, to say nothing of defrauded thirst? It may be enacted later on that, as photography is so uncertain a means of identification, every convicted toper shall have the stamp of the law on him, say in the shape of a tattoo mark on his right forearm. Then the landlord of The Crown, when in doubt, might ask politely, "Will you have the goodness to turn up your right cuff?" But should that forearm bear no incriminating blemish, the indignant customer may turn up both cuffs, and invite the landlord to "a round," cheered by sympathetic cries from the bystanders!

It is the testimony of magistrates that most of the crime with which they have to cope can be traced to

drink. The law has now made drunkenness itself a crime; the drunkard who ruins the lives of others can no longer find impunity in the liberty of the subject; he becomes a pariah, shunned, it may be, by kinsfolk, dogged by the police, hunted from the door that used to lead to delirium. It is a drastic experiment, by no means to the liking of some philosophers, who are asking what is to be the fate of drunkards cut off from drink for three years. Will they sink into imbecility, or be possessed by a desire for vengeance? Shall we read that asylums are housing them, or that they have recruited the ranks of desperate burglars? Science will watch the operation of the new law with an unbiassed judgment, save, perhaps, at Washington, where an official criminologist declares that to be sane and law-abiding you have to observe but one rule: "Eat meat and potatoes." This seems hard upon vegetarians; also upon the people who are distressed by the risk of eating oysters. Sir James Crichton Browne says that the education of oysters must be brought under popular control. They must be tucked in their little beds by sanitary nurses responsible to local authority; and before they are sold by retail dealers they must be examined by official inspectors. Another expert shows how oysters can be brought up in the home, freed from the taint of early association with bacteria, and fattened on oatmeal to twice their natural size. This would have commended itself to the Walrus and the Carpenter as an occupation for their domestic leisure; but would it have been a moral discipline? I fear the criminologist at Washington will tell us it was because they ate the oysters instead of meat and potatoes that the Walrus and the Carpenter are ranked among habitual criminals by all humane minds.

Our eating and drinking are desperately troublesome. If philosophers had discovered long ago a perfectly nutritious, palatable, and moral diet, and if this had acquired a statutory authority which no citizen could disregard, the intellect of mankind, unclouded by dyspepsia, might now be grappling with reforms which the world will not see for many centuries, if ever. Ideas would have marched swiftly, instead of halting painfully when the human race had to consult the doctor or the surgeon. Do you suppose we should have waited all this time for wireless telegraphy if man had inherited and preserved a sound digestion? The hurry of modern life, says Sir James Crichton Browne, is the cause of appendicitis. You eat the wrong thing very often; even when it is the right thing, you eat it with disastrous haste. What a boon to society to appoint a sanitary inspector to stand behind your chair at every meal and time it with a stop-watch! Food would be prescribed by a Medical Commission; the regimen of every household would conform to minute regulations; the health of the people would be the supreme law, and any infraction of it, even by the babe in the nursery, would be punished with rigour. The natives of Erewhon, in the late Samuel Butler's story, treated diseases as the only crimes; and when we had reached that pitch of civilisation, we should make astonishing progress in science and the arts.

I have been reading a sprightly book by a Scot, who says that "in the lump" the English mind is "coarse and maggoty," and the English character is that of "a feeble, ill-bred child." "The poor in the lump is bad," said Tennyson's Northern Farmer with equal urbanity and insight. And yet our English "lump" does sometimes display a surprising tolerance. There is an American play now with us in which our aristocracy of the eighteenth century is painted in the darkest colours. The leader of a gambling set at Bath in Beau Nash's time is a Duke, a card-sharper who hides aces up his sleeve, like the Heathen Chinee of delectable memory. He organises a conspiracy to waylay and murder a French gentleman, whom he tried to swindle, believing him to be a barber. The stranger, who is really a Prince of the Blood, puts his cowardly assailants to shame, establishing the axiom that one Frenchman (if a Royal Duke in disguise) is a match for five English aristocrats with the small-sword. This ingenious and lifelike fable is highly popular with all classes of London playgoers. Who says the English are inordinately puffed up?

The supposed barber is drummed out of Bath society as an impostor. He has been giving himself the airs of a gentleman, and the young bucks of Bath are mightily offended, but willing to steal privately to his rooms to play with him for high stakes. This conception of English society of the period does credit to the grace, humour, and historical accuracy of the American novelist upon whose masterpiece, I understand, this play is founded. To gentlemen of Indiana the card-sharper English Duke probably explains why we lost the American Colonies. This view is no less intelligent than the essays, foreign and domestic, which are now written upon the English "lump" to show that it is ripe for national ruin. Of these exercises the domestic variety is the most pleasing and the best instructed; and it has the further advantage of making the foreigner believe that our doom is imminent.

ART NOTES: THE WINTER ACADEMY.

The landscape-painters of England's great artistic day—the day that had Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough as its portrait-painters—are resplendent at Burlington House this winter. The first picture in the first room gives a promise of an exhibition rich in the landscape of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that is amply fulfilled. In the second room—full of many pleasant pictures—the one which brings the greatest surprise of beauty is Wilson's "Woburn Abbey," the property of Mr. Hamilton McCormick. The beauties of No. 1, "Lake Scene," lent by Mr. J. A. Levy, are very apparent, helped by the artifice of contrast between the warm tones of the foreground and the delightful coolness of the middle and far distance; those of the "Woburn Abbey" are less staged, less set-off. The whole canvas is devoted to the display of a beauty which, in its own slight variety, finds sufficient contrast. The deeply shadowed pool, the woody spaces, the clouds, are all under the same spell of exquisite light; a light which culminates in the almost secret loveliness of the break in the clouds on the horizon. These are two great landscapes, and declare Wilson (in whom Ruskin, with strange oversight, saw little save an artist deriving his ideas of composition from Claude, and failing to be sufficiently ruinous in his ruins) to have been independent of his Italianate design, and able to produce a picture made sufficiently fine by his own peculiar quality of paint and colour. The "Woburn Abbey" and the "Lake Scene" are works which every enthusiast for our national collection cannot refrain from wishing in Trafalgar Square, where are hardly such important examples of an artist who has a place among the first five of England's landscape-painters.

The extreme interest of this exhibition may be gauged from the fact that, hanging with but a Gainsborough as a division, next to so great a picture as the "Lake Scene" is Constable's magnificent "Opening of Waterloo Bridge," the property of Sir Charles Tennant. Unlike Wilson, who by his careful gentleness invites contemplation, Constable, by his earnest attention to all the truth of the scene he paints, confuses the eye, so that some minutes must be spent in focussing the multitudinous lights and shadows, in stepping into the day and its particular atmosphere. Looking at "The Opening of Waterloo Bridge," the spectator must become acclimatised; he will soon take breath with ease where he at first had to struggle with the tumultuous elements, or, at least, with their expression in tumultuous paint. The pageant represented in this masterpiece is not more full of movement than are the sky and river; the soldiers and royal bargemen in glittering red were but minor interests to an artist of Constable's comprehension. His eye was for the magic of the hour.

Completeness is given to this same first room by a splendid Turner, a picturesque Reynolds landscape, and a John Sell Cotman, which is full of an evident but beautiful artifice. Mr. James Knowles's landscape by Sir Joshua is full of suggestion of the Venetians, from the silver clouds in a dark sky to the blue of the distant hills and the bold romance of the wooded spaces. Cotman's art is most handsomely represented by the two pictures named "St. Malo" (belonging to Mr. R. H. Benson) and "Heath Scene," the property of Sir Charles Tennant. John Crome is not so fully nor so finely represented.

The large gallery is mainly filled by the earlier masters, although Sir Joshua Reynolds holds most honourable places with his delightfully make-believe "Mrs. Pelham and Her Chickens"—happy chickens that have their food thrown them with so graceful a sweep of arm, and from so delightful a hand!—and with his portrait of "Mrs. Hartley and Her Child."

It is impossible in the narrow limits of a column to set down any appreciation of such pictures as the two Tintoretos from Hampton Court. These are immense works of art; monuments to the nobility of mind that devised them. We can only hope that when restored to their palace home they may be hung in a position other than that which they have hitherto occupied. "The Nine Muses," a picture deserving a place of honour in any national collection, has till now had for home a high, dark corner. To realise how nobility of colour and of composition may justify and make precious the painting of the nude, it is only necessary to go to Burlington House. There, also, are many lessons to be learnt: above all, the lesson of beauty.

The fourth room is filled by Cuypp. Claude first "set the sun in Heaven," says Ruskin. And this was no small thing to do for the art of painting. The earlier schools had taken no notice of the sun's colour or its rays, except only as his mere daylight served to show the tints of dress and flesh. But did Claude do so much? Surely there is a sun in the centre of Tintoretto's lightly clouded skies that is at least as luminous, albeit it is so white and slight, as any golden orb of Claude's. Cuypp was born five years after Claude, and he was a professed painter of sunshine, and a most skilful one. No painter has ever manufactured sunshine with so much success, but he has done the apparent impossibility of combining light with an essential dullness. It is not only that Cuypp sheds the lights of his sunsets upon the dullest travellers asking their way of the dullest natives, in the company of the dullest cattle in the world; it is more: the very sky is tedious; we weary of the very grass, that companion of man and furniture of his world which in nature is like bread—too familiar to be tiresome. Cuypp is a little master, and possesses his means thoroughly to the end, such as it is, which Dutch landscape of the seventeenth century proposes to itself. But his art is not lovable, whether for the sake of nature loyally represented, or for the sake of the picture as a picture.

MUSIC.

New Year's Day was marked at the Albert Hall by a really excellent performance of "The Messiah," with the original Handel organ accompaniments re-established. Sir Frederick Bridge has worked the chorus up to an unusual standard of excellence, light and shade of emotions, and time being accurately marked. The choir is a very large one, but it is magnificently rehearsed, and can hold its own with almost any Festival choir now. Sir Frederick Bridge conducted. Among the soloists announced two could not appear—Madame Clara Butt on account of illness, and Miss Macintyre on account of a great personal bereavement. Their places were taken by Miss Ada Crossley and Miss Jaxon. Miss Crossley sang with her usual finish and perfection of style, that never seems over-elaborated. She is delightful in sacred music, singing with restraint and purity not only of intonation but of expression. Miss Jaxon is a very young and charming soprano, with an exquisitely pure and true voice. She won a spontaneous burst of applause after her first solo, and will, it is evident, prove a great acquisition to the oratorio platform. Mr. William Green and Mr. Watkin Mills gave admirable renderings of their solos.

On the afternoon of the same day, Jan. 1, another of the Symphony Concerts was given at the Queen's Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood. It was marked by the second hearing of "Ein Heldenleben," the remarkable musical symphony of Herr Richard Strauss. The overwhelming resources of a modern orchestra in the hands of such a master, who tangles and knots his skein in apparent maddening confusion, though in reality with some elaborate method and purpose, proved baffling in the extreme. Often it seems chaotic and unmeaning, though again it takes its audience into a higher world of noble thought and of fine musical conception. It is a work so great and so new in treatment and scheme that it is conceivable old-fashioned musicians will continue to fall foul of it and to find it but brass and cymbal. The battle scene is certainly very largely that.

At the Queen's Hall on Friday, Jan. 2, Mr. Sousa again appeared with his popular orchestra, and some new and typically American types of airs. His conducting has the same vitality and his orchestra the same overwhelming verve and brilliancy. Perhaps, as during last year, his encores are the most popular parts of his programme. The chief novelty was the "Imperial Edward" march, composed by Mr. Sousa himself, the lively *motif* of which was given out by five trumpeters and five trombonists. Mr. Arthur Pryor, an exceedingly clever trombonist, played a captivating solo, "Love's Enchantment," and Miss Estelle Lieblich sang charmingly. She possesses a very highly trained soprano voice. Miss Maude Powell played creditably some violin solos.

There are to be other Symphony Concerts at the Queen's Hall on Jan. 31, Feb. 14, March 14, and March 28, at which will be heard for the third time the tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben." A Strauss Festival will be held on June 3, 4, 5, 8, and 9 at the Queen's Hall. The orchestra will be the Amsterdam Orchestra, conducted by Professor Mengelberg; but Herr Strauss will himself conduct his principal symphonic poems—notably, "Don Quixote," "Macbeth," "Aus Italien," "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Frau Strauss will at this Festival sing some of her husband's songs. In June, at the Queen's Hall, Professor Kruse also announces a Beethoven Festival. M. Sauer will give what is sure to be a most sought-after pianoforte recital at the St. James's Hall on March 28. The Broadwood Concerts begin their new series on Jan. 8 and end on April 2.

A most interesting series of lectures is to mark the "King Edward Professorship" of Music at the London University, which post is held by Sir Frederick Bridge. Trinity College of Music voted £5000 to found a chair of music at this University. The inaugural lecture (on Jan. 30, at five p.m.), admission to which is free if application for tickets is made to the Academic Registrar, University of London, South Kensington, is on "The Place of Music in Education." The lectures will be illustrated by musical examples. M. I. H.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

VARIOUS ENTERTAINMENTS.

At the Egyptian Hall, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook offer a pleasant mixture of adroit conjuring, merry farce, and animated photography, their special sketch being a new "magical romance" styled "The Philosopher's Stone"; while in Baker Street, Madame Tussaud's has, besides its ordinary wonderful waxwork exhibition, a new tableau representing "The Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket." "Buffalo Bill" has successfully opened his Wild West Show at Olympia, and his "Congress of the Rough Riders of the World," Sioux Indians, cowboys, Mexicans, South American Guachos, etc., should stir the blood of every lover of horses, while his mimic representation of the battle of San Juan Hill suggests only too vivid an idea of war's horrible realities.

Mr. Walter Stephens, author of "Brown at Brighton," writes us as follows in correction of our notice of his play: "I did not 'assist' Mr. Mackay to write 'Brown at Brighton,' the comedy now at the Avenue Theatre. I wrote the play originally, and as proprietor, etc., I called in Mr. Mackay's services later to revise it with me."

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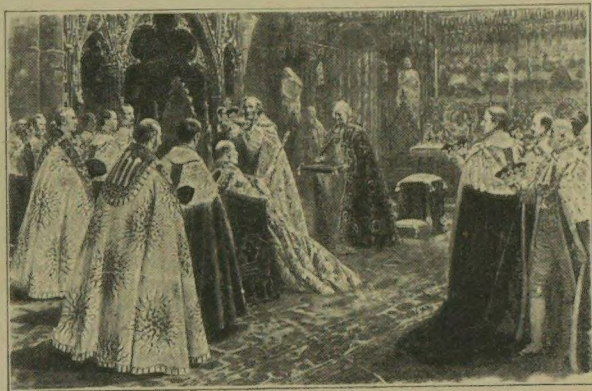
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PERSONAL.

Mr. Chamberlain says that he is "appalled" by the magnitude of the South African problem, but not in the least discouraged. One problem, supposed to be insoluble, has not troubled him. It was said he would have to do without orchids in South Africa, but he has had plenty of them every day. There is a rumour that three hundred were stored in a freezing-room on the *Good Hope*. Perhaps orchids spring miraculously into being wherever Mr. Chamberlain sets his foot.

One of the marine ceremonies on board the *Good Hope* was the investment of Mr. Chamberlain with the "freedom of the sea." He wore round his neck the Order of the Bloater and the Sardine, and remarked that even the Kaiser did not possess that distinction. This is likely to excite fresh animus in the German Navy League. Perhaps they will present the Kaiser with the Order of the Octopus and the Crab.

The election of Mr. Charles Day Rose as member of Parliament for the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire gives

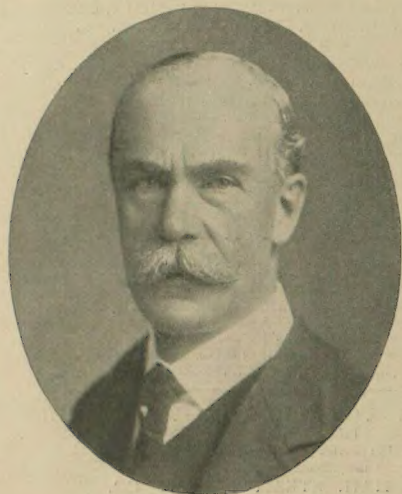


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MR. C. D. ROSE,
New M.P. for the Newmarket Division
of Cambridgeshire.

another seat to his Majesty's Opposition, the Conservative majority of 1077 giving place to a Liberal majority of 507. Born in Canada on Aug. 23, 1847, the second son of the late Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Mr. Rose was educated at Rugby, and finally settling in this country, became a partner in the American banking firm of Morton, Rose, and Co. He also held a commission in the Duke of Cambridge's Middlesex Yeomanry. Retiring from the banking business in 1897, he is still a director of several public companies, and in his leisure time devotes himself to breeding and running racehorses. He has been a member of the Jockey Club since 1891. In 1871 Mr. Rose married Eliza, daughter of the late Mr. John Robinson McLean, C.E.

The Conference of Irish landlords and representatives of the Irish tenants has resulted in a series of proposals. The gist of them is that the landlords should sell without loss and the tenants should buy the land without paying its value. Any trifling difference between the two calculations shall be made up by the British taxpayer. On this basis there is an agreement between some prominent landlords and a redoubtable Nationalist like Mr. O'Brien.

The newly appointed Governor of the State of Western Australia, Admiral Sir Frederick George Denham Bedford, was born in



Photo: Maull and Fox.
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR F. G. D. BEDFORD, G.C.B.,
New Governor of Western Australia.

1838, the son of Vice-Admiral E. J. Bedford, and entering the Navy in 1852, served in the Russian War as cadet and midshipman of the *Sampson*, earning the Crimean, Turkish, and Baltic medals and the Sebastopol clasp. He commanded the *Scorpius* during the King's visit to India, and the *Shah* when she engaged the Peruvian rebel ship *Huascar* in 1877. For three years from 1880 he was Captain of the Royal Naval College; in 1884 he organised the flotilla on the Nile for the relief of General Gordon; from 1892 till 1895 he was Commander-in-Chief at the Cape and the West Coast of Africa; Lord of the Admiralty from 1889 till 1892 and from 1895 till 1899; and Commander-in-Chief of the North America and West India Station from May 1899 till August of last year. Sir Frederick Bedford was created K.C.B. in 1895 and G.C.B. in 1902; and was promoted to Vice-Admiral in 1891.

Sir Michael Foster, who resigned his seat for London University, announces that he is willing to retain it if his constituents do not object to his sitting among the Liberals in the House of Commons. It is not very clear how their wishes are to be ascertained; but there seems to be a general desire that Sir Michael should represent the University on any political principles he pleases.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe denies that the skulls of women are smaller than those of men. She visited the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons and was told that no comparison could be made, as the skulls of educated women were not to be obtained. Perhaps the size of a skull, male or female, is of less importance than the distribution of the brain. A big head, with most of the brain in the wrong place, does not signify intellect.

Herr Deucher, the recently elected Swiss President, was born in Steckborn in 1831, and, desirous of following

the profession of his father, studied medicine at Konstanx, Zürich, Heidelberg, Prague, and Vienna. Settling in his native place in 1854 and marrying Fräulein Schnebli, of Baden, he soon evinced great interest in local politics, and was elected to the Grand Council of the Canton of Thurgau. Of this he was a member for twenty-five years, then removing to Frauenfeld, where he continued to practise as a doctor, while not neglecting politics. In 1869 he sat in the National Council; ten years later decided to devote himself entirely to politics; and in 1883 was elected by a majority of seven to the Federal Council, taking the place of Bavler, who went as Ambassador to Rome.

Mulai Abdul Aziz, the reigning Sultan of Morocco, whose desire, for progress and pronounced liking for things English, as well as his prompt punishment of the murderer of Mr. Cooper, have caused so much trouble with his ultra-conservative subjects, was born in 1879, and succeeded his father, Muley Hassan, on June 7, 1894. In a few months his position seemed secure, but



HERR DEUCHER,
New President of the Swiss Republic.



MULAI ABDUL AZIZ,
SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

the hatred against him for his perhaps unduly hastened reforms steadily grew, until it culminated in the present rebellion. The youthful Sultan is said to have a delightful personality, and would much like to visit England, but is unable to do so, as the action would probably cause the whole country to rise. He has progressed considerably in European manners. Abdul Aziz married a daughter of his father's uncle, Muley Hassan, eight days after his accession to the throne.

Venezuela still blocks the way to arbitration. President Castro has agreed to arbitration "in principle," but the negotiations seem to have got no further. The political condition of Venezuela is most uncertain.

The resignation of the positions of Recorder of Sheffield and Judge of County Court Circuit No. 13

by Mr. Samuel Danks Waddy was followed by the death of the distinguished King's Counsel on Dec. 30 of last year. Mr. Waddy, who was seventy-two years of age, was the son of the late Rev. Samuel D. Waddy, and was educated at Wesley College, Sheffield, of which his father was Principal. Called to the Bar as a student at the Inner Temple in 1858, he joined first the Midland and then the North-Eastern Circuits, obtaining an excellent practice at the Common Law Bar. In 1874 he took silk; in 1876 was elected



Photo: Barraud.
THE LATE MR. S. D. WADDY, K.C.,
Formerly Recorder of Sheffield.

a Bench of his Inn, of which he was Master of the Library in 1895 and Treasurer in 1896; in 1894 became Recorder of Sheffield; in March 1896 Judge of the Cheshire County Court Circuit; and a few weeks later Judge of the Sheffield County Court. Mr. Waddy was also well known as an occasional preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist body. He contested a number of constituencies, sitting in the Liberal interest for Barnstaple, Sheffield, Edinburgh, and the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire, and being defeated at Sheffield, North Islington, and Grantham. In 1860 he married Emma, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. S. A. Garbutt, of Hull.

President Roosevelt has ordered a post-office in one of the Western States to be closed because the post-mistress, a coloured woman, was forced to resign by local persecution. But Western opinion is stubborn, and the displeasure of the Federal Government will not make converts to tolerance.

Don Praxedes Mateo Sagasta, who died in Madrid on Jan. 5, was Spain's most experienced statesman.

His career was in some ways unique. Born on July 21, 1827, and educated as a civil engineer, Señor Sagasta became a member of the Cortes in 1854, and, interesting himself in politics, was involved in a number of plots. In 1856 the *coup d'état* of Don Leopold O'Donnell necessitated his flight, as an advanced Radical, from the country. For his part in the rising of 1866 he was sentenced to death, only escaping by settling in France before the beginning of the trial. Becoming an active worker abroad against Queen Isabella, he returned to Spain with Prim in 1868, and took part in the insurrection. During the interregnum and the reign of Amadeo of Savoy he was in office almost without a break. First supporting the Republic upon the abdication of Amadeo, he afterwards acknowledged Alfonso XII., after whose death he was several times Prime Minister, and was chief adviser to Queen Christina during the Regency. He was unable to do anything to prevent the war with America, and in 1899 resigned. In March of 1901 he was persuaded again to take office, but he finally retired in December of last year.

Mr. Marconi has robbed the ocean of its privacy. It is now arranged that newspapers shall be produced on board ship, the day's news reaching the vessel as easily by wireless telegraphy as it reaches Fleet Street.

Mr. Henry Lardner Burke, K.C., who has, we are notified, accepted the position of Solicitor-General at the Cape, has acted in a similar capacity on three previous occasions—from June 25 to July 25, 1895; from Dec. 28, 1896, to March 28, 1897; and from May 8 to June 12, 1897—and so is not entirely without experience of the work he will now be called upon to perform. Educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, Mr. Burke took a Second Class in Classical Moderations in 1871, became B.A. in 1873, and M.A. in 1901. Becoming an LL.B. of the Cape University in 1880, he was admitted as an Advocate of the Eastern Districts Court in the same year, and of the Supreme Court six years later. From 1880 till 1890 he was Examiner in Literature at the Cape University, and was appointed Crown Prosecutor in Griqualand West in 1897. Mr. Burke took silk on May 13, 1898.

The excitement in Paris over the Humberts has cooled. Some of the most prominent creditors, it is reported, decline to prosecute, and it is doubtful whether the culprits can be punished for any statutory offence. Thérèse Humbert has declined to engage an advocate.

The ineffable Du Paty de Clam has emerged from obscurity to connect the Humberts with the Dreyfus case. They were partisans of Dreyfus, he says, and subscribed to the funds of the Dreyfusard agitation. If so, this would appear to have been their one redeeming virtue.

Two of the veterans of the Indian Mutiny who appeared at the Durbar are dead. The survivors may be interested to learn that a correspondent of an English newspaper has complained of the "bad taste" of parading them in the presence of the Indian Princes, whose feelings he supposes to be hurt by such a reminder that we reconquered India forty-five years ago.



Photo: Debas, Madrid.
THE LATE SENOR SAGASTA,
Former Spanish Premier.

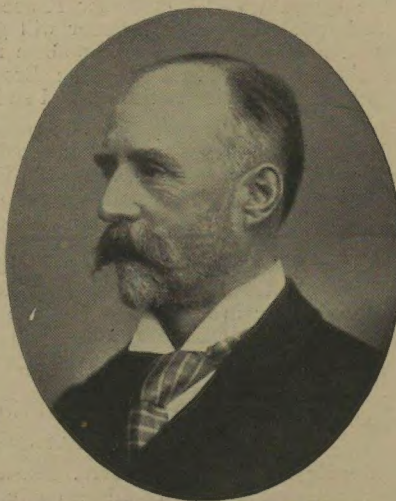


Photo: Elliott and Fry.
MR. H. L. BURKE, K.C.,
New Solicitor-General at the Cape.

THE MANUFACTURE OF ARMOUR PLATES FOR IRONCLADS.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 10, 1903.—41

MODERN INDUSTRIAL WARRIORS IN MEDIEVAL SEMBLANCE: ARMoured WORKMEN ROLLING AN ARMOUR-PLATE AT THE KRUPP WORKS, ESSEN, GERMANY.

The plate at an intense heat is submitted to a rolling process. In order to avoid the terrible injuries that the heat would otherwise cause, the men employed on the work wear face-shields, huge gauntlets, and a species of loose asbestos armour, clad in which they look like grotesque parodies of mediæval knights.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DURBAR PRELIMINARIES.

We have received from Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Delhi, the first instalment of sketches of the gorgeous series of ceremonials which were celebrated in the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire on the closing days of last year and the opening days of this. Supplementary to these sketches, which the Artist has explained in the note appended to his drawings, we are enabled to publish several vivid photographs, dealing principally with the preparations for pageantry such as only India knows how to present. The most imposing feature of the spectacle of Dec. 29, when the Viceroy made his entrance, was undeniably the procession of elephants, and these we show decked in their gorgeous trappings, as they appeared during the rehearsal of the proceedings. Foremost was the Vice-regal elephant, the actual beast upon which Lord Lytton rode when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India at the Durbar of 1877. The howdah, which is of solid silver, bears upon it the royal arms (embossed), and the great cloth, which sweeps almost to the ground and conceals nearly the whole body of the elephant, has emblazoned upon it in gold the English lion rampant. The mahout, or driver, wore the Viceroy's scarlet livery, and the same magnificent uniform was worn by the spearmen who walked on each side of the huge beast. They bore long silver spears with golden tassels or silver maces surmounted by elephants' heads and Tudor crowns. The elephant which bore the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was arrayed with no less magnificence. The howdah of gold and silver was panelled with wonderful designs, notable among which was a tiger wrought in gold springing upon an antelope. On the cloth were wrought

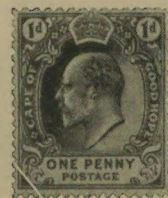
Tetuan called a meeting of the principal Moors in the city, and it was voted advisable to purchase arms and ammunition from friendly Powers in order that due preparations might be made to beat off a possible attack by the Benider and Wadrass Kabyle. Mohammedan fanatics are touring several districts, inflaming the natives by narrations of miracles supposed to have been performed by the rebel leader.

THE DUTUIT COLLECTION.

The magnificent collection of art treasures brought together by the Brothers Dutuit has become, by the will of Auguste Dutuit, who died on July 11 last, the property of the City of Paris. The generous testator imposed on the municipality only two conditions. One, the perpetual care of the family grave at Père-Lachaise; the other, that the collection should be ready for public exhibition at a date not longer than six months after his decease. Failing this, the legacy would return to Rome, where M. Auguste Dutuit chiefly resided. The little gibe at French official dilatoriness had the desired effect, and the wonderful examples of classical and mediæval art have been arranged in the Petit Palais, the new museum of Paris. Eugène and Auguste Dutuit came of a wealthy family of business men in Rouen. In early manhood the former was called to the Bar, and the latter made some study of painting, but the real business of their life was the quest of rare and exquisite works of art, not for gain, but simply to enrich the extraordinary collection which they gradually built up in the family mansion at Rouen. Eugène, it is said, made his first purchase in 1832. Walking one day in the dim and narrow streets which surround Rouen Cathedral, he saw in a broker's shop an Italian print, "The Denial of St. Peter." He bargained for it, took it home, and fixed it on the wall of his room. That was the beginning of the famous collection. In his later years, Auguste allowed himself few personal luxuries, spending his fortune on philanthropic works and the acquisition

of a wealthy family of business men in Rouen.

of new treasures. Of these priceless possessions we illustrate a few examples, among which are two fine specimens of ceramic art, one a Nativity and the other a Virgin and Child, both instinct with tender devotional feeling. A bronze Bacchus found at Rome is wholly Greek in conception, and portrays the effeminate allurements of the youthful Dionysus. It is valued at £2400. From the case of exquisite ivories comes the coffer, the panels of which are adorned with scenes from the Lives of the Saints. The candlestick in faience de St. Porchaire, valued at £4000, is adorned with masks of Silenus and perfectly wrought figures of Cupid. On Luther's tankard is an inscription in low Dutch to the effect that "this object is perishable, but the doctrine of Dr. Luther is immortal." Among weights for scales is one grim example in the shape of a skull, and a comical Roman caricature of a pig bearing on its sides the name of the aediles C. Claudius and C. Helvius Valens, who held office when it was in use and certified its accuracy. The Egyptian toilet-spoon (probably for unguents) is wrought in wood, and has for handle a supple female figure. Lastly, we note a wonderful antique lamp bearing the recumbent figure of an old man, robust and energetic but relaxed by the drowsy influence of the wine-god. These

NEW 2-CHAH
PERSIAN STAMP.NEW 1-KRAN PERSIAN
STAMP.THE NEW CAPE
PENNY STAMP.NEW U.S. 8-CENT "MAR
THA WASHINGTON" STAMP.NEW ST. LUCIA QUARTER-
CENTENARY STAMP.THE NEW BAHAMAS
STAMP.

NEW ISSUES OF STAMPS, COLONIAL AND FOREIGN.

A new penny and a new shilling stamp, both bearing the King's head, have been issued for the Cape of Good Hope, and a set of seven values from a penny up to a pound has been issued for the Bahamas Islands. These also bear the King's head. A very pretty and elaborate stamp has been issued to commemorate the fourth centenary of the discovery of St. Lucia. Its value is twopence, and the issue was made on December 15. Two new series have also been issued for Persia. The first ranges from one to twelve chahi, and there are six denominations. The second is of higher value, and ranges from one krān to fifty krāns. These bear the Shah's portrait. We also publish the handsome new 8-cent United States stamp with the portrait of Martha Washington. All these stamps, except the Cape of Good Hope, were supplied to us by Messrs. Whitfield, King, and Co., Ipswich. The Cape stamp was supplied by Messrs. Bright and Son.

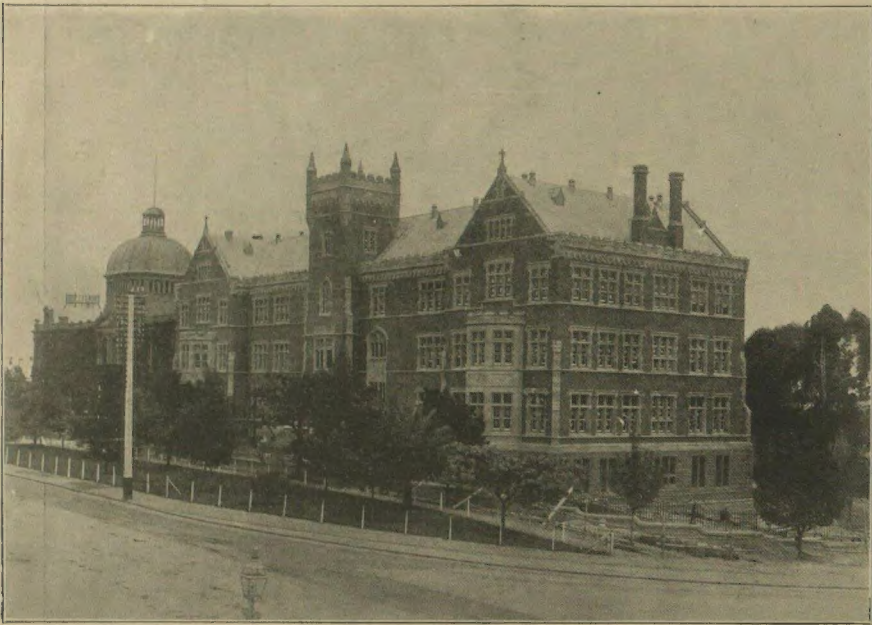
examples, splendid as they are, are but crumbs from a feast exceeding rich.

OUR ACQUISITION OF CEYLON.

The first British intercourse with Ceylon dates from 1763, when an Embassy from Madras waited on the King of Kandy, but effected nothing. During the war with Holland in 1795 Britain seized all the Dutch possessions. At first the East India Company administered the island; but by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802 the whole seaboard came under the British Crown. After an unsuccessful British expedition to Kandy, the conduct of Wikrama Sinha became so atrociously cruel and oppressive that in 1815 he was, at the request of many of the Adigars and other native chiefs, forcibly deposed by Great Britain and sent into exile, where he died. With him ended the Malabar Kings, who could trace their pedigree for two thousand years.

SNARING WILD BIRDS.

To those who take long country rambles, especially on Sundays, no figure is more familiar than that of the bird-snarer spreading his net not in vain in the sight of the bird. This not uninteresting character very frequently recalls Low Covey in "No. 5, John Street," the gentleman who was so clever in imitating bird-calls; his ruses are adaptable both to night and day. Confederates who go forth after dark will be armed, one with a bull's-eye lantern, one with a hand-net; and, while a third beats the hedges with a stick, the first will flash the lantern into its recesses, and the terrified birds, flying wildly towards the light, fall an easy prey for the fowler's meshes. The limed twig stuck in the ground, and the trained decoy-bird chirping innocently near the drop-net, are other well-known wiles. Both for liming and shooting fowls employ the owl-snare, which exhibits the sagest of birds in the sorriest of plights. The owl in daylight, as everyone knows, is as blind as a bat; and when he exposes himself to view after sunrise he becomes the sport of smaller birds. Of this the snarer takes advantage by setting up a chained owl on a perch in broad daylight. There Minerva's bird shortly becomes a sort of feathered Titus Oates in the pillory, but his mockers meet a speedy doom either from the fowler's lime or small shot. More humane practitioners use a stuffed owl.



THE NEW SCHOOL OF MINES, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The institution has been erected at a cost of £32,000, to which the Hon. George Brookman contributed £15,000. The photograph was supplied by the kindness of Mr. Allerdale Grainger, the Agent-General for South Australia.

devices of the sun in glory and the lion rampant. Around the feet of the elephants were anklets with silver bells, which jangled rhythmically as the great creatures trod along. Equally splendid were the furnishings of the elephants upon which the native Princes rode. The general effect of the procession—the flashing silver and gold howdahs, the rich hues of the saddle-cloths, crimson, green, and purple, the tusks tipped with gold, the glittering neck-chains, the gaudily attired drivers—presented a scene of kaleidoscopic bewilderment.

THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO.

While the situation at Fez remains serious, it is not quite so desperate as the earlier reports seem to imply. Although, probably for the first time in the history of the country, a Moorish Sultan has acknowledged defeat in an Imperial Edict, yet Mulai Abdul Aziz appears to be keeping his head, and is giving evidence of the talent with which he is generally credited. He has made an astute move in recalling from his captivity Mulai Mohammed, his brother, whom the rebel leader, Bu Hamara ("the man with the donkey"), declared he was desirous of setting on the throne. This action in itself is sufficient to take the wind out of the sails of the insurgents, and the panic at Fez has somewhat abated, while certain recalcitrant tribesmen have made their peace with their lawful ruler. The Sultan in his Edict announced that fresh forces were being organised to attack the rebels. The Sultan's brother on his return from Mequinez took the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign in the sanctuary of Mulai Idriz, and was placed in command of the Shereefian army. He is to operate against the enemy. The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs has announced that Spain will not proceed alone nor with any one Power, but in concert with all the nations with which she is in agreement. Kaid Sir Harry Maclean has arrived at Fez. A telegram from Gibraltar, dated Jan. 5, stated that, according to intelligence received there from Morocco, the insurgent tribes were submitting to the Sultan, and that the general uneasiness showed a tendency to decrease. On the other hand, advices from Tetuan reported that anxiety was felt there as to the result of a battle between the forces of the Sultan and the Pretender. Persistent rumours were current that the Sultan had lost the day. The Governor of

of new treasures. Of these priceless possessions we illustrate a few examples, among which are two fine specimens of ceramic art, one a Nativity and the other a Virgin and Child, both instinct with tender devotional feeling. A bronze Bacchus found at Rome is wholly Greek in conception, and portrays the effeminate allurements of the youthful Dionysus. It is valued at £2400. From the case of exquisite ivories comes the coffer, the panels of which are adorned with scenes from the Lives of the Saints. The candlestick in faience de St. Porchaire, valued at £4000, is adorned with masks of Silenus and perfectly wrought figures of Cupid. On Luther's tankard is an inscription in low Dutch to the effect that "this object is perishable, but the doctrine of Dr. Luther is immortal." Among weights for scales is one grim example in the shape of a skull, and a comical Roman caricature of a pig bearing on its sides the name of the aediles C. Claudius and C. Helvius Valens, who held office when it was in use and certified its accuracy. The Egyptian toilet-spoon (probably for unguents) is wrought in wood, and has for handle a supple female figure. Lastly, we note a wonderful antique lamp bearing the recumbent figure of an old man, robust and energetic but relaxed by the drowsy influence of the wine-god. These



OLD LOWESTOFT CHINA MOULDS DISCOVERED DECEMBER 1902.

The larger piece is the half-mould of a dated teapot. The date 1761 appears at the foot. The smaller piece is the half-mould of a decorated sauce-boat.

Photo. supplied by A. E. Murlon.



A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE.



PILING CODFISH FOR EXPORT.



NEW-
FOUND-
LAND'S
MAINSTAY:
MONSTER
CODFISH.



DRYING COD IN A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE.



ON BOARD A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING SCHOONER: A TYPICAL CREW.

THE PENDING FISHERIES TREATY BETWEEN NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE UNITED STATES: SCENES OF THE CODFISHING INDUSTRY

The Fisheries Treaty between Newfoundland and the United States, which now awaits ratification by the American Senate, is virtually an exchange of bait for markets. It concedes to American fishermen the right to obtain free bait in Newfoundland, and permits Newfoundland fishermen to sell their fish in the United States free of duty.

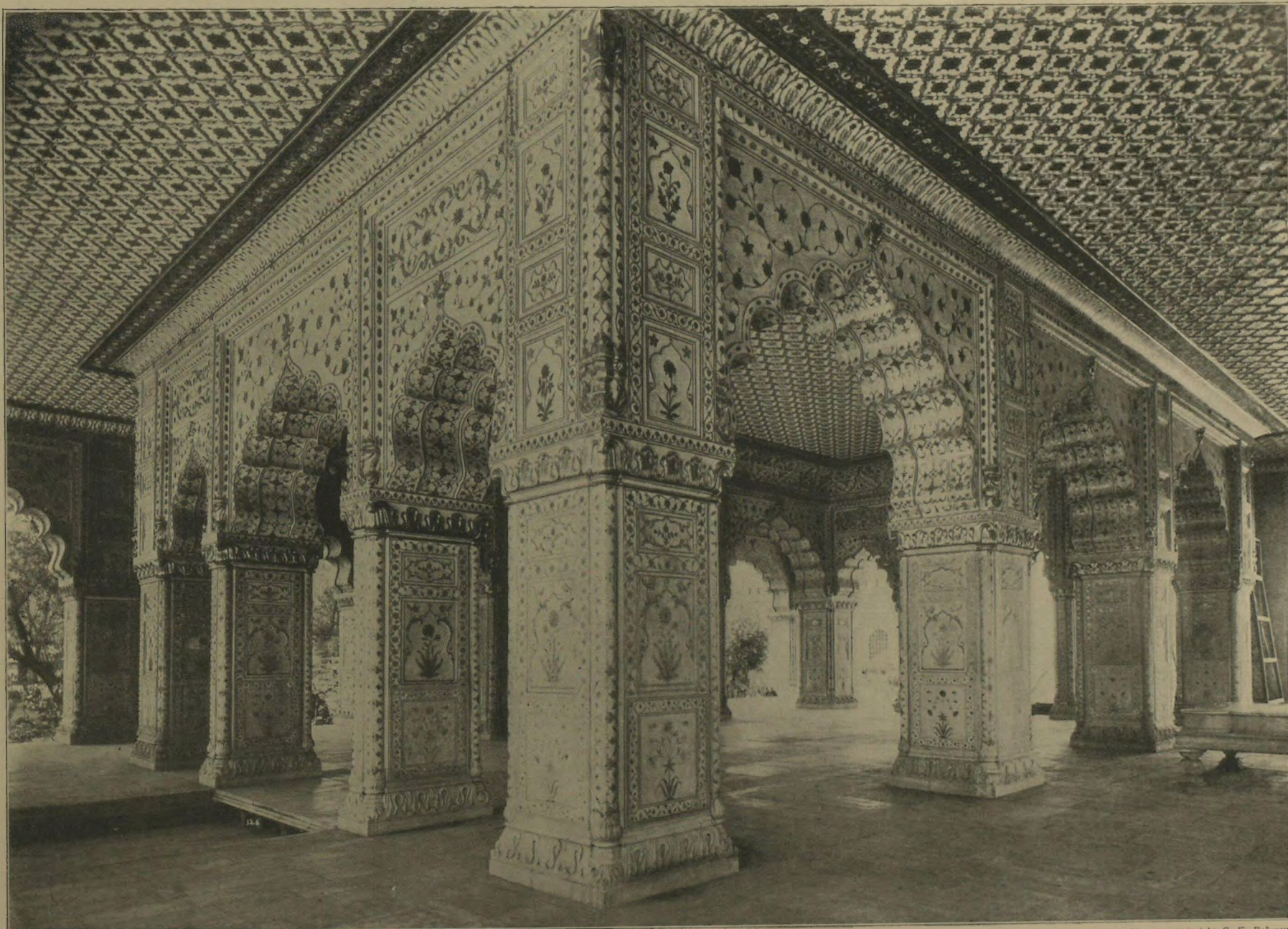


Photo. supplied by C. E. Robeson.

INDIAN ART AT DELHI: THE THRONE ROOM, DELHI FORT.

The magnificent method of inlaying marble exemplified in the Illustration reaches its utmost perfection in the Taj Mahal, at Agra. At that place small panels of this beautiful workmanship are sold to visitors.

THE DELHI DURBAR: A DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



A TYPICAL RECEPTION: THE VICEROY'S OFFICIALS WELCOMING THE MAHARAJAH HOLKAR OF INDORE.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "As the reception of all the Maharajahs, or Princes, took place in exactly the same way, one sketch does for all. The Maharajah Holkar arrived at the station wearing what appeared to me to be a grey dressing-gown, trimmed with strips of Indian shawl. He was very cheery, and shook hands with all the representatives of the Viceroy before entering the carriage which drove him to his large personal camp."

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: REHEARSALS AND PRELIMINARIES.



LORD KITCHENER'S CAMP: A GENERAL VIEW.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.

MR. PRIOR WRITES: "Lord Kitchener's camp struck me as looking very spick and span. From the canopied pavilion (in the centre of the sketch) you enter the drawing-room tent. Behind this is the dining-room, and on the right the library, or study, behind which is the Commander-in-Chief's bed-room."



A REHEARSAL OF THE MASSED MUSICIANS: THIRTY-FOUR DIFFERENT BANDS OF BRITISH REGIMENTS IN INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.

When the Viceroy arrived in the Amphitheatre, the massed bands played the National Anthem, and at the close of the Proclamation the hymn was repeated as the Royal Standard was unfurled.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: REHEARSALS AND PRELIMINARIES

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.



THE REHEARSAL OF THE GRAND RECEPTION OF THE VICEROY AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

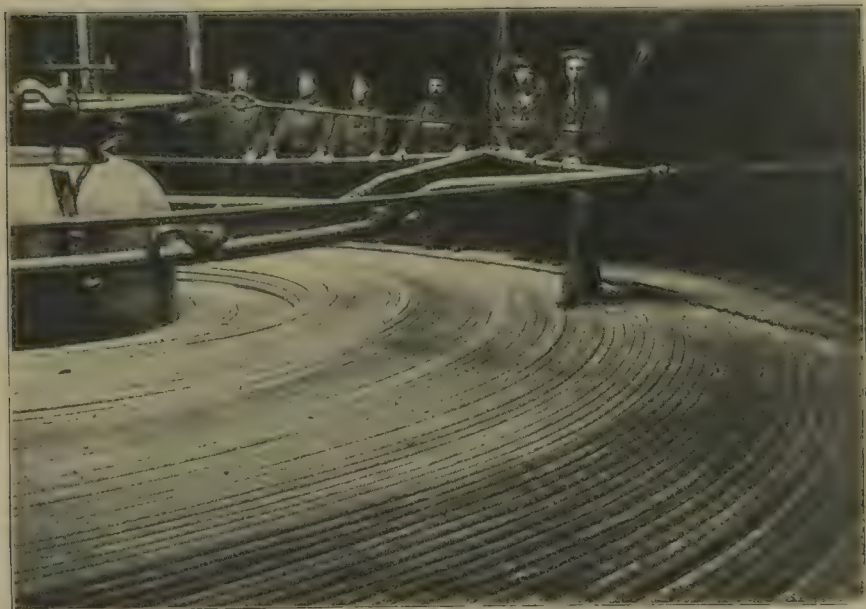


STATE ELEPHANTS CAPARISONED FOR THE VICEROY'S ENTRY INTO DELHI.

On the extreme left is the Duke of Connaught's elephant, bearing a gold and silver howdah with gold-embroidered trappings. In the centre appears the Viceroy's elephant, bearing the silver howdah used by Lord Lytton at the Durbar of 1877, and since kept in the Viceregal Lodge at Simla. The elephant was also the same, and was lent by the Maharajah of Benares. The elephants on the right are those of the Ailes-de-Camp.

AN AMERICAN RIVAL TO THE BRITISH PACIFIC CABLE.

DRAWING BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O. BLACK; PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. BLACK AND CHARLES WEIDENRER



ONE OF THE HUGE COILS OF CABLE ON BOARD THE "SILVERTOWN," THE BRITISH CABLE-STEAMER.



THE CROWD CHEERING THE SIGNAL THAT THE CABLE HAD BEEN SUCCESSFULLY LANDED.



THE CHRISTENING OF THE UNITED STATES TRANS-PACIFIC CABLE ON THE BEACH NEAR THE GOLDEN GATE, CALIFORNIA.

The laying of the United States Trans-Pacific cable was begun on December 14 of last year, and was made the occasion of an interesting ceremony. The line was carried to the English cable-steamer "Silvertown," standing six miles off shore, by the "Newsboy," from which it was paid out over metal buoys. The land end was brought ashore by the life-saving crew. London cable-splicers then joined the land end to the ends of the wire, which will stretch from San Francisco to Shanghai, via Honolulu and Manila. Miss Gage, the ten-year-old daughter of Governor Gage, broke a bottle of wine over the land end. "To the memory of John W. Mackay, I christen thee Pacific Cable. Good luck to thee. May you always carry messages of happiness." The "Silvertown" lays the cable at the rate of about seven miles an hour.

THE VIOLATION OF THE WILD BIRDS PROTECTION ACT: SNARERS AT WORK.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, P. FRENZENY.



1. THE LURED THREAD.

2. THE OWL-SNARE.

3. A TRAP FOR WILD DUCK.

The lured-thread method of bird-catching is as simple as it is efficacious. A thread covered with lime is attached to a captive bird, which, set free on the approach of a flock, rejoins its comrades. The loose thread proves fatal to any coming into contact with it, and they are speedily brought to the ground. The owl-snare is used both to take birds by means of lime and for shooting. The noose of the trap for wild duck, which entangles the swimming birds, is made of fine piano-wire.

THE VIOLATION OF THE WILD BIRDS PROTECTION ACT: SNARERS AT WORK

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, P. FRENZENY.



4. BEATING THE HEDGES: THE USE OF THE LANTERN TO ATTRACT BIRDS WITHIN RANGE OF THE HAND-NET.

5. LIMING TWIGS.
6. THE DROP-NET AND DECOY-BIRDS.

7. SNARING AND POACHING IN EPPING FOREST DURING CLOSE TIME: REASSURING THE POLICE.

Few wild birds long survive captivity; but neither that fact, nor the fact that certain birds accustomed to feed on the smallest insects cannot possibly obtain the food which sustains them, prevents their capture and sale to young or ignorant buyers. In a recent London County-Court case, the defendant stated that he generally bought a hundred dozen finches, sparrows, and other British song-birds a week. For linnets he paid two pounds for ten dozen.

THE GREAT ART LEGACY TO THE FRENCH NATION.

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. A NATIVITY—CERAMIC.
2. A BRONZE BACCHUS FOUND AT ROME
(VALUE 60,000 FRANCS).
3. AN IVORY COFFIN WITH SCENES FROM
THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

4. A CANDLESTICK—FAÏENCE DE ST. PORCHAIRE
(VALUE 100,000 FRANCS).
5. THE VIRGIN AND CHILD—CERAMIC.
6. LUTHER'S TANKARD.
7. SKULL-SHAPED WEIGHT FOR SCALES.

8. A TOILET SPOON (EGYPTIAN WOOD-CARVING).
9. A LAMP ORNAMENTED WITH A RECLINING
FIGURE.
10. A ROMAN WEIGHT IN THE SHAPE OF A
PIG.

NOTABLE EXAMPLES FROM THE DUTUIT COLLECTION.

DOWN IN THE CLOUGH.

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.



Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

THE BARLEYS' HOUSE lies in a green hollow at the end of Linen Clough. To reach the place from Milton, you climb the stony, ill-kept road to the summit of the "edge," then cross a few fields to an old pack-horse track of moss-green stones all hollow in the middle, where in wet weather the water lies in round, limpid pools; then you descend abruptly through a narrow ravine, its limestone walls barely covered with mountain pansies and bilberry, lichens and fishbone ferns. Half-way down lies the Druid's Well, a basin-shaped reservoir, where the frogs spawn in early spring. From the steps that rise to this prehistoric relic the first glimpse of the quaint house may be caught, nestling amidst its farm-buildings in a circle of stunted rowan trees.

The place dates from the sixteenth century. It is one of the seven granges that Endymion Barley, of Barley Lees (whose ruins, with the old chapel still intact, though to-day it is used as a cowshed, stand a good half-mile from Darrand Bridge), built for his seven sons. Not one is inhabited now, save the hall in Linen Clough; and there are no Barleys of the true stock left in all Peakland, save Hezekiah, the master, his wife Harriet, and their descendants.

A high-spirited man was Hezekiah, in spite of his poverty. It was family pride that had made him marry his kinswoman, soon after her father had died at Nether Flat Grange—in the year when an autumnal storm had brought the ancient walls to the ground. Hezekiah lived narrowly—what can be got nowadays from a poor eighty acres of marshy meadows and five hundred acres of the roughest moorland in the country? The gaffer was too haughty to let his shooting; too needy to pay a gamekeeper's wage. Such grouse and rabbits as grew to maturity were greedily snared by the poachers from Greenlow-in-the-Water, which all the world of the High Peak knows as a Mecca of the rag, tag, and bob-tail. Hezekiah used to stir uneasily in his bed when the toothless sheep-dogs gave warning that the ruffians came too near the house; but Harriet would bid him lie still; for although he was still plucky as in his youth, she knew that he would fare ill in an encounter, even though Stephen, his old man-servant, and the cow-lad followed with flails.

Harriet was as proud as her husband. Traditions are more carefully cherished by the womenfolk, and, despite the fact that she never spoke of the past, her memory teemed with pleasant hearsays. Sometimes, when her master was in the distant fields, she would steal across the neglected garden to a great coach-house, whose doors were locked over a majestic vehicle of last-century make, all embellished with lacquer and gilt ornament. Once, before the family had sunk so low, a Barley had been High Sheriff of the county, and this coach had been built in London, when he went up to the capital to see King George III. But when she had lowered the steps and stripped the holland covers from the cushions and sunk into a luxurious dust of lavender pollen, it was a more recent past that made her poor thin arms press something invisible to her wasted bosom, where the black silk of her bodice lay in stiff, frayed folds.

Because she had played there with her bantling. She had not married until her thirtieth year, and only one child had been born. But such a child!—a beautiful, strong lad, fit for a kingdom; fair-skinned and yellow-haired and grey-eyed, and with a temper obstinate as his father's. Dear God, that old woman had suffered a long agony!

"When land is gone and money spent," said Hezekiah, "then learning is most excellent."

So Ralph Barley had been sent to the Bluecoat School. She used to cry still when she thought of the first time she had seen him in clipped curls and disfiguring clothes.

The Barleys have connections in the peerage. At the time of Ralph's leaving College, one, dispatched as Ambassador to a Court of Eastern Europe, wished to take the young man in his suite. Hezekiah's heart was set on his son remaining in Peakland, to restore the name of Barley to its original lustre. How this was to be done not even he himself knew; but it had been the dream of his life ever since the gossips had clamoured to his chamber with news of a man-child. And Ralph chose

to follow the primrose path: the life of the Clough was too wretched for a lad who wished to see the world. There had been words; the father had bidden the son think well; the son had thought well, and replied that he could not live in the old place. Then Hezekiah, wrought to fury, had sworn that whilst he lived Ralph should never again cross the threshold. The wife and mother had lost all her comeliness in those weeks of anger; her smooth face had shrunk, and her brown hair turned grey and then white. Loving both equally, she had striven to make peace, then had sat with folded hands, weeping inwardly. Not a day in all those years had passed without her grieving with the recollection of that last embrace, when her one child had gone out from her life. She knew that he was right; she knew that if he stayed his life would be as harsh and hopeless as their own, therefore she felt no resentment. In sober truth, her love for both had only increased; day by day her prayers grew more fervid. He wrote to her regularly. Even now, when they had been parted for more than twenty years, the lame postman, who hobbled twice a week into Linen Clough, brought her every Monday a letter, addressed in a bold handwriting, whose contents told her of all his doings. The world had used him well; young as he was, he held a high Government post in India. He had married a gentlewoman, penniless but long-pedigreed; soon after the wedding, she had unexpectedly inherited a large fortune. The three children had been sent home to the wife's people. Harriet had their portraits, and sometimes, on her secret visits to the state coach, she would spread them in her lap and tell them childish tales of her own boy's adventures.

She had begged Hezekiah's leave to take the eldest in her care; the old man had turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. He had angrily ignored his son's desires to send ample supply of money from his own store. In the latter case, the mother had not urged him to consent, for a woman so high-minded does not care to be beholden to her offspring. She smoothed the telling of the refusal, and wrote with painful lightness of other matters. Her lad loved her the more for every letter she sent; he trembled when he discovered that the Italian caligraphy which women affected in Hezekiah's youth was growing shaky and indistinct. His own letters, treasured in a sandalwood secretary, were so carefully placed that she could find each year's collection with closed eyes.

Now that the man and wife had completed the allotted span of years, and each saw the other failing, they began to long more powerfully than ever for the presence of their son. But Hezekiah gave no outward sign of wavering, and resolutely forbade his wife to tell Ralph of their weakness. And, day by day, Harriet was compelled to resign, one after another, the little household duties she had managed ever since her early wifehood. It came about that in her seventy-second year she fell ill of a sudden. One morning she did not creep downstairs, and Hezekiah, going to the chamber at breakfast-time, found her lying back in an easy-chair, her eyes closed, and her face ashen-hued. He had been a reserved man even in his passionate days, yet now, so warm was his pleading that when she had strength to recognise his agonised face, she was struck with wonder.

"You are all I have, my Harry, my poor darling," he cried.

"Nay," she whispered, "not all. There's Ralph and Ralph's wife and the little ones."

He put his arm around her neck and drew her head to his breast. "All! all! I have none save you. You'll not leave me, Harry; what should I do without you—alone? You've always been brave, you'll not go when I need you most."

She smiled wistfully and kissed his wrinkled forehead. "I'll try, husband," she said; "but I'm very weak and old."

Her pride helped her to keep infirmities at bay; in a short time she rose and resumed her share of the day's work. This Hezekiah deprecated, but she would have her way. Such tasks as she undertook might numb the poignancy of her longing; she gave herself no moment for idle thought. Her letters to Ralph grew more tender than ever; she discoursed often of the laughter and play that she, even then a woman approaching middle age, had shared with her baby. But never once did she

mention the thing that her heart craved for—the old mother's passion to gaze, before she died, into his frank eyes.

So the year went on, from spring to summer, from summer to autumn, and with each day she grew more fragile and transparent. She allowed no sigh to escape; her husband was fain to believe that she was content. He watched her with jealous care to discover in her countenance any look of wistfulness, yet never in their life together had he seen more placidity there. If she wept at all it was in the dead of night, when, worn with outdoor toil, he lay fast asleep by her side.

But one afternoon in harvest-time, having had occasion to leave the field where the servants were reaping, and to return to the house for another sickle, he hurried to the parlour, where she usually sat amidst quaint silk pictures and lac cabinets two centuries old, and found her favourite chair empty, and her linen-darning thrown carelessly on a side-table. Then he went to the bed-chamber, but as she was not there he descended again to the parlour and tugged the hare's foot at the end of the bell-rope.

The housekeeper came briskly along the hall in pattens, which she doffed at the door. She was a short, thick-set dame, with a face brown and creased as a walnut-shell. She had lived at Nether Flat in Mrs. Barley's maiden days, and long service had given her the position almost of a humble relation.

"Where's the mistress, Lisbeth?" said Hezekiah; "I cannot find her."

"She was here a while ago," replied the housekeeper, "for I came to ask her about the blackberry wine." Her mouth closed tightly, and before Hezekiah could intercept her, she had donned her pattens again and clattered off to the kitchen garden. The old man swore faintly, and renewed his search—this time in the overgrown alleys of the garden. He could find her nowhere, and with each moment his anxiety grew less endurable, so that at last he was compelled to go back to the house to consult Lisbeth again.

When the woman saw him approach, his face full of trouble, she raised her apron to her eyes. She had known for many years where her mistress stole in Hezekiah's absence, and her instinct told her that the place was sacred. Her memory held lively pictures of the day when Harriet played there with Ralph—the mother as happily as the child—at riding to London with my lord the sheriff, and talking quite freely to Farmer George. Little Ralph would tell the story of the travelled cat that wished for, and gained a sight of royalty.

"Mammy," said the curious boy, "was it the Queen's own chair, and did she sit in it when the mouse was frightened under? I thought Kings and Queens sat on thrones!"

Hezekiah Barley was not a man to be crossed; even Lisbeth, after the lifetime of service, dared not venture too far. When he repeated his question concerning the whereabouts of the mistress, she gave no evasive answer, but fell a-weeping in sober earnest.

"Oh, master," she faltered, "I never thought to tell you, but the mistress is in the coach-house. She always goes there when she's left alone of an afternoon."

Hezekiah strode through the stableyard, on whose west side a small window of green bubbled glass lighted the coach-house. He peered through the corner of a pane that was not cloaked with cobwebs, but saw nothing, for an odd dimness had come to his eyes. Afterwards he unfastened a postern-gate that led to a court, which opened to the garden. Here were the great doors, unlocked and slightly ajar. The sound of Harriet's voice, very loud and strenuous, reached him as he laid his hand on the woodwork: he stood stock-still and listened. His wife was praying, and her prayer was full of wild appeal.

"O Jesus Christ, Whose Holy Mother nursed Thee in Her arms, have pity on an old, old woman. O Saviour of the World, help me—let me no longer be as one who has not known motherhood—let me keep house with my son's children about me. Soften, I beseech Thee, the heart of him I loved, and love as powerfully as mine own issue—break down the walls of his firmness—let the wish to see our son become too great to be contended against."

Her husband's hands rose to his face; he groaned

aloud. From the closed chariot came the sound of muffled sobbing.

"O Thou Who wert the one Son of Thy Mother, help me in this my grief. I am too old to bear my burden in patience, too feeble not to cry out. Shall the agony of my labour, the longer agony of these years and years of separation, stand for nought? Send me not down to the grave without seeing my lad again! Let me but lay his hand in his father's."

were the things that he had loved. It was the old woman's playhouse now—a playhouse of tears and everlasting sorrow.

Hezekiah leaned silently over her shoulder, and put his cheek against her own.

"Harry," he said in a husky voice, "I'll send for the lad. I can't bide without him any longer."

The mother moaned again, this time with perfect gladness.

the fields, old Stephen pointed out to him a travelling carriage and a horseman descending the narrow road of the Clough. Hezekiah, without a word, left the reapers and went to the gate and watched with hungry eyes.

The rider leaped from the saddle and stood bare-headed before him: a stalwart brown man with a pleading face.

"Father," he cried, "I have come back to you. I wish to stay with you; I wish my sons to grow up in



"Harry," he said, "I'll send for the lad."

After a long interval of silence, Hezekiah crept closer to the coach, and saw Harriet kneeling with bowed head. On the faded cushions before her lay tiny garments of fine needlework—and a christening-cloak of yellowed silk embroidered with blue heartseases, knitted socks no bigger than a man's thumb, a worn coral with battered silver bells. And on the opposite seat were spread toys—wooden houses and bricks for palace-building, and tin soldiers and tattered copy-books, between whose ruled lines ran ancient maxims writ in a straggling hand.

This had been the lad's playhouse, and these

"I'm tired, husband," she whispered; "you must help me to the house."

But Hezekiah took her in his arms—they were strong even yet as an oaken sapling's—and carried her to her own place in the parlour.

"I'll send him word this very day," he said as he kissed her. "Now rest quiet, dear, so that you may be strong when he comes. I have only another hour of work, and then I'll be with you again."

He went away with Harriet's tender laughter following him; the hallowed laughter of the woman whose lover has found his true self. And when he reached

the old home. It has called to me for years and years. We are all here—my wife and my boys—your boys; do not turn them away."

"I have been a proud fool, Ralph," he gasped; "but to-day I was going to bid you come. Your mother has cried out for you."

Ralph sprang again to the saddle; the grandsire groped his way to the carriage which was standing some yards away. And Harriet unconsciously felt herself drawn to the threshold of the great hall. There, in the rich glow of autumn sunset, she saw her man-child coming to clasp her to his breast.

THE END.

THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: THE SULTAN'S ARMY IN THE FIELD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



THE CAMP OF THE MOORISH ARMY.



THE SULTAN'S BODYGUARD.



THE BATTERY OF PARROTT GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE SULTAN'S TROOPS BY THE REBELS.



A PARADE OF MOORISH TROOPS BEFORE THE SULTAN.



THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: A NIGHT SURPRISE OF AN ENCAMPMENT OF THE SULTAN'S TROOPS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The Moorish horsemen are noted for the dexterity with which they use firearms from the saddle. This they practice in the national game of Lab-et-baroud, or "Powder-play," the curious evolutions of which they find serviceable in actual warfare. Note the peculiar Moorish habit of pulling the trigger with the left hand, the right (in reverse of our custom) being advanced to support the barrel.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Reflections of Ambrosine. By Elinor Glyn. (London: Duckworth. 6s.)
The King's Agent. By Arthur Paterson. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
In a Tuscan Garden. (London: Lane. 5s.)
Delhi Past and Present. By H. C. Fanshawe, C.S.I. (London: Murray. 15s. net.)
Random Reminiscences. By Charles Brookfield. (London: Edward Arnold. 11s.)
Sport in the Navy and Naval Yarns. By Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B. (London: Constable. 6s.)
Letters of Dorothea, Princess Lieven—1812-1837. Edited by Lionel G. Robinson. (London: Longmans, Green. 14s.)

Mrs. Glyn has striven, in her new book, to recapture the freshness and piquancy of the "Visits of Elizabeth." She has succeeded in the estimation of some reviewers, for we read that Ambrosine's "Reflections" will be welcome "in all country houses." There may be country houses where Elizabeth was thought amusing on account of her sprightly innocence; but the plain, matter-of-fact, and rather vapid narration by Ambrosine of the domestic irregularities of all her acquaintances can scarcely find its way into the average country house except in the clandestine fashion of Lydia Languish's books from the circulating library. Ambrosine herself is personally blameless, rather as a matter of taste than of principle. For the rest, one passage will suffice. There is an old French Marquis who said, "The marriage vows were the only ones a gentleman might break without great blemish to his honour. This was the atmosphere [continues Ambrosine] I had always lived in, and since my wedding the people of my own class that I have met do not seem to hold different views. Lord Tilchester is Babykins' lover. The Duke has passed on from several women, and, to come nearer home, there are my husband and Lady Grenellen. Only Lady Tilchester seems noble, and above all these earthly things." It is soon apparent that Lady Tilchester is overpraised. There is a Baronet with "cat's eyes," and the manner of Ambrosine's discovery of his former relations with Lady Tilchester should be a little too strong for most country houses. The early part of the story, before Ambrosine's marriage of convenience, is written with some charm. But this fades out, and the book, as a whole, lacks the vivacity and spontaneity which could be the only excuse for its unpleasant frankness.

Inspired by Lord Wolseley's work on John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Arthur Paterson has written a romance which, if it will never gain the dignity of inclusion in the classics, at least repays the reading. The historical novel has made rather too frequent an appearance of late—"costume" has a great, and in some instances a fatal fascination for many authors, as for too many actors; but Mr. Paterson has contrived to avoid the hackneyed both by the period he has chosen to depict, and the phase of the character of the chief historical personage he has chosen to describe. Karl Brownker, "The King's Agent," is a familiar figure, and, in spite of the fact that he has all the attributes we have learnt to regard as essential to a man who "sits in the pocket of the King," and who spends the greater part of his time demonstrating that "to argue with a King's Agent is but a thought less dangerous than arguing with a King," fails to hold the attention in as great a degree as the famous general and diplomatist who is best known to the majority as the victor of Oudenarde, Malplaquet, and Ramillies. The hero-worshipper may be disappointed to find in place of the triumphant soldier the ambitious and unscrupulous courtier and schemer, but there is no doubt that, for purposes of fiction, Mr. Paterson's choice of facts was wise. Of the other chief characters—William III., the Duchess of Marlborough, Robert Young, Hugh Montgomery, and Isabel Fretchville—little need be said, save that they are all drawn with discrimination, and that all serve a useful purpose in the story of which they are part.

The anonymous, feminine author of "In a Tuscan Garden" knows a great deal about south-west walls and *polygonum elegans*, something about Italians, but very little indeed about Italian. It would surely be worth while to get such a common word as *salotto* spelt aright. The book is sprinkled with native words and phrases, and if two or three are correct, that is as much as can be said. As to the sprightly writer's own use of the language of the people about her, it is almost appalling to think how "strong" her ejaculations must have been; for on one page she says, "I think I said *accidenti*" (for *accidente*); and on another, "This time I did not say *accidenti*." The English equivalent of this horrible curse is what the well-disposed printer would refuse to set up. If a well bred and educated Italian lady were to tell her countrymen that she had, or had not, hurled at her English eleganter, *à propos* of some mistake of his with *polygonum elegans*, imprecations that a rough in Drury Lane would hesitate to speak aloud, she would be doing, *mutatis mutandis*, the same as our author does here artlessly. The word *accidente* is never pronounced by decent people; what we call an accident is called a *disgrazia* in all parts of Italy alike. In spite of these and other incongruities, English readers who want to know the dates of bulbs and

seeds and plantings in Tuscany will find the information prettily imparted. The author spent many years in the sweet country of her choice. That she did not learn to love the Tuscans is a pity; but evidently she did not much love her English neighbours. As to the author's quarrel with a theologian on the point of cruelty to animals, a little thought would have convinced her that she, no more than he, allows animals "rights," in a technical sense, inasmuch as she, with the rest of mankind, denies them the right to life. But the right of man to inflict needless pain on animals is none the less theologically disallowed.

From the standpoint of a cultivated tourist Eastward bound to the scene of the Coronation Durbar, nothing can be more desirable than Mr. Fanshawe's guide-book, which maps out the drives that well-regulated persons ought to take, describes and illustrates the buildings of Delhi, and repeats briefly the leading facts of that siege in 1857 which we ought all to know by heart, but—most of us—do not. Perhaps one may be allowed to say that fifteen shillings is a good deal to pay for a guide-book—even a guide-book as sumptuous and as well illustrated as the present, and that it is a pity that its author has not provided a little less for the tourist and a little more for the general reader. Mr. Fanshawe has been Commissioner of Delhi; he knows every inch of the ground, and every detail of the city's story, and he might have told that story in a form more attractive to the student of history. The present city of Delhi is only two hundred and fifty years old, having been founded by the Mogul Emperor Shah Jehan; but there were older cities in the immediate neighbourhood, which had a very stirring record under the warring dynasties of short-lived Mohammedan Princes, who fought and ruled in Hindustan before the coming of the Mogul. Within the two and a half centuries of the present city's

regarded as a straightforward, right-minded lad, should hide yourself away in this manner to indulge in the clandestine use of that abominable weed, tobacco. But since you have contracted this odious, paltry, cowardly, indecorous, unsanitary, pestilential habit, and I suppose it's too late to try and break you of it, why not come and smoke sociably with me in my study?" In that study the younger Brookfield heard many excellent anecdotes. We have a special liking for one about his great-grandfather, who gently reprimanded a young curate for preaching forty minutes. "But you know, Mr. Preston," said the zealous curate, "St. Paul preached till midnight." "Ay, but folk fell down dead." There is a beautiful tale of Archbishop Tait and Archbishop Thomson on a Channel steamer. When his Grace of Canterbury fell ill, his Grace of York announced the fact to Mrs. Brookfield and her son, "in a voice of pride modulated by charity, 'My brother of Canterbury has already succumbed!'" Arriving at Dover, Archbishop Tait was good enough to relieve young Charles of "a handbag full of illicit Tauchnitz novels, not knowing what he did, and in blameless error carried the contraband bundle past the Custom House officials, who piously saluted England's supreme ecclesiastic." At seventeen, Mr. Brookfield reviewed novels, and generally began his notice, "This is evidently the work of a very young writer." He became a member of the Savile Club, went to Cambridge, then into the dramatic profession, and added to an admirably Bohemian equipment a gentle air of the classics. All these advantages Mr. Brookfield turns to account in a book which is a delightful epitome of his career, and of a very considerable range of social observation.

It has been Admiral Kennedy's good fortune to enjoy opportunities of shooting and fishing in many out-of-the-way parts of the world; and in "Sport in the Navy and Naval Yarns" he gives us glimpses of his experience with rifle and rod, pleasantly diversified with anecdotes of true salt-sea flavour. He has shot wild cattle on Charles Island, one of the Galapagos group, where also run wild the descendants of goats, donkeys, and domestic fowls introduced by the Spaniards long ago. He claims to be the pioneer of sport in Rodriguez, which island he describes as a sporting paradise; he has shared big-game shooting with Indian Princes; and—unconsciously, be it said—has poached with conspicuous success on the grounds of other native magnates. Wherever duty as a sailor has taken him he has found time to indulge his love of sport, and few men can boast wider acquaintance with foreign countries. Some of the "yarns" are very funny; that of the Admiral who had no knowledge of music, for example. The band programme one evening included a piece with a solo for the piccolo, and while the player was performing, the gallant officer rushed out of his cabin in a fury. "Here, I won't have it! That man is doing all the work and the rest of them looking on, the skulking scoundrels. . . . Stop their leave and grog!" We have but one fault to find with this entertaining little book: there is not enough of it. The chapters on sport in Scandinavia are very good.

Mr. Lionel G. Robinson is to be congratulated on having persuaded Count Benckendorff to allow the publication of this further series of letters written by Princess Lieven,

the most interesting and most influential of that group of brilliant women who had so much to say to the diplomacy of the nineteenth century. Few personalities have been more ardently discussed, more bitterly attacked and defended, than the wife of the sometime Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's; and few literary sensations have equalled that produced when Princess Lieven's letters to various political friends and correspondents were first given to the world. This further set of vivacious epistles, addressed to a beloved brother, present the writer in a more amiable light, but even in these it must be admitted that she appears in the rôle of a great political *intrigante*, if not the gossip-monger and spy she was sometimes dubbed by her own English contemporaries. As the editor of this interesting volume introduces, Princess Lieven lived before the days of telegraphy, when personality played a far more important part in politics, and more especially in diplomacy, than is the case to-day. She certainly lived up to the cynical saying, first, by the way, uttered by an Englishman, that the duties of an Ambassador consist in going forth to lie abroad for his country. She, and presumably the Prince, her husband, were, like most Russians of rank, enthusiastically devoted both to their native country and to the imperial family, and accordingly they thought it their duty to be none too nice in furthering the interests of Russia. She was capable of warm and sincere attachments, and as wife, mother, and sister, her life seems to have been admirable; but she thought it not only advisable, but also fair, to flatter and cajole those for whom she had in her heart of hearts an impatient contempt, and she practised La Rochefoucauld's cynical maxim as to the treatment of both friends and enemies. The historical student will find much to interest him profoundly in this volume, which throws a new light on many of the more striking episodes of the social and diplomatic history of the days when the first Duke of Wellington overshadowed every political personality, and when the monarchy had not begun to play any special rôle in public affairs.



DELHI, THE DURBAR CITY: THE FAMOUS KASHMIR GATE, AS IT HAS REMAINED SINCE THE SIEGE.

Reproduced from "Delhi Past and Present," by permission of Mr. John Murray.

life, it has seen many dramatic events: a great sack and massacre by Nadir Shah, when the Peacock Throne was carried off; Lord Lake's signal victory over the Mahrattas in 1803; the stormy days of 1857, for ever associated with the names of Nicholson and Hodson; Lord Lytton's great Durbar twenty years later, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Kaiser-i-Hind. Until 1857 Delhi was the seat of the degenerate descendants of Akbar: after that year the last Mogul was exiled, and his city, which had been guilty of treachery and massacre, was, as a mark of disgrace, incorporated in the Punjab. It was fitting that the bloodstained capital of the Mogul should become an appanage of the loyal province of those Sikhs whom his ancestors had persecuted. Mr. Fanshawe hardly brings this point out, and almost ignores the great Lytton Durbar. Further, he is not quite up to date, as certain spoils of war have now been restored from South Kensington to their proper home: Mr. Fanshawe's aspiration is Lord Curzon's *fait accompli*. Architecturally, Delhi cannot compare with Agra, but her buildings, for all that, are well worth the careful description here set forth. Some doubtful points in the narrative of 1857 are now set right once for all, and the extracts from Sir Henry Norman's reminiscences give special value to the Mutiny chapters of the book. But we hope that Mr. Fanshawe's readers will be moved to learn more of Nicholson and his comrades than these concise pages afford.

Mr. Charles Brookfield, unluckily for the stage, is no longer an actor. But he is a born *raconteur*, and he can tell his stories as well on paper as he tells them to a circle of listeners, a double accomplishment by no means common. His father was the Rev. William Brookfield, and his mother the lady to whom Thackeray wrote some of the most charming letters in the language. The elder Brookfield figures pleasantly in his son's "Reminiscences." He found the scapegrace Charles, aged fifteen, smoking furtively in a lumber-room. "I am astounded," he said, "that you, whom I always



"SOOP IT UP": A CURLING MATCH IN SCOTLAND.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

When an opponent's stone is likely to settle on the tee, the defending party ply their brooms merrily to smooth the ice and coax the stone to overshoot the mark. Wild cries of "Soop [sweep] it up!" accompany the play, which is well named the roaring game, both from the sound of the stones and of the players' voices.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There is a fine old Christmas flavour about the article by the Duke of Argyll published in the current number of a popular magazine. I notice that the editor, writing of the narratives recited by the Duke, states, perhaps wisely, that some were told to him, either by those who saw the visions, or by others whom these visions closely concerned. The idea that on occasion the spirits of the departed can revisit the "glimpses of the moon" will always present itself as an interesting one, even to sober-minded humanity. People do not stop to consider questions of subjective seeing—that is, seeing from within the brain; nor do they always examine evidence with the care that they would exercise were they members of a jury in a court of law. On the *omne ignotum* principle, or on that of credulous persons who believe "because it is impossible," the ghost-story goes down, as a rule, with satisfactory results. It is nothing to the seers of "apparitions" that they appear in all sorts of garbs and guises. Equally unimportant is it that no purpose or end perceptible by humanity is served by their alleged erratic movements, slipping in here and out there, emerging from a cupboard here, or dancing onwards in ball-room attire there. Everything is swallowed; there is no examination of evidence, as a rule; and the hearers exclaim with Dominic Sampson, "Prodigious!" and are satisfied that ghosts may walk—or even talk!

I understand that the utmost limit Mr. Podmore has reached on this topic is that in respect of so much of the evidence for apparitions the subject deserves further investigation. Perhaps, on deeper examination, there may result a filtering of the worthy incidents down to zero. His Grace the Duke of Argyll repeats the time-honoured fallacy of suggesting that because wireless telegraphy has been proved to be a reality of existence, therefore ghost-seeing (on the principle that some people can see things which are denied to others) may be explicable as in turn a verity of life. The fact is, the cases are not on all fours at all. In wireless telegraphy we are dealing with new applications of a known form of energy, whose rate can be measured and whose nature can be tested. To argue that because men can send messages through the ether by electricity the human brain may perform an analogous action, is such an obvious *non sequitur* that the idea deserves no further notice. Coming to details, I put aside the uselessness of the apparition to start with. Even in the Duke's case of a certain Dean whose niece dreamt of a murder and afterwards identified the room in which it took place, there is no purposive idea exhibited. The Dean or his niece wanted to rent the very house of the dream, but, of course, the lady, recognising the house of the vision, would have none of it, and the Dean concurred.

Now is all this evidence? The niece dreams of a murder committed in a room she describes while she "was slowly recovering from an unusually severe attack of scarlet fever" (rather an important point psychologically, as suggesting the *raison d'être* of the dream), and she recognises the house of her dream afterwards. There is no evidence here at all save that of the niece, and she tells the Dean he will find a peculiar pattern on the walls of the bed-room. All remarkable at first sight, but as to corroboration, I say, "No case." The niece would not enter the house, and all we have to show she was right is the Dean's interpretation of the niece's verbal description of what was inside. The Duke's idea of a "strange bond of sympathy between her soul and that of the murdered man's" (*sic*) may be an excellent popular explanation, but it is not science, and it is equally not convincing from a common-sense point of view. Why, we are not even told if a murder was committed at all. All that is vouchsafed to us is that the Dean "knew also that a very strange death had taken place lately in that house," and so he pressed his niece no further. I remark here, "What a pity!" and "How about the police?"

Ex uno disce omnes. Let us take another dip into the Duke of Argyll's little Christmas bag. This is an Egyptian story. An emerald-miner was engaged in the task of seeking to discover some old workings on the face of a hill. Baffled for long, he at last saw "a figure close at hand stooping over some stone and sand, and striking with what appeared to be a piece of rock." The figure resolved itself into a skeleton; no sound of blows was heard, and, passing behind a rock that hid the skeleton from view, the miner saw it no more. Of course we all know what is to come. The story has done duty many times in fiction. The spectre—not a full-dress one on this occasion—led the miner to his goal. At the spot where the skeleton miner had been at work he found a hollow, which led to a shaft, and thus the disused workings were discovered. Entering the shaft, a skeleton was found by the miner; in its fleshless hands emeralds were clutched. The miner, despite his fear, was not likely to leave the jewels behind. By the way, it is not likely the emeralds glittered green. It would be interesting to know if, in the rough, they do glitter at all. The miner also declares that "he saw a glint of emeralds in the hollow sockets of the eyes; but," adds the Duke, "this must have been fancy." Exactly; I think this remark may aptly apply to the whole story. A man capable of seeing the "glint of emeralds" in the hollow sockets of the skull is perfectly competent to have fancied everything else.

Are we really asked then, as reasonable persons, to accept these stories as evidences of the reality of apparitions and of the possibility of the denizens of other worlds than ours—skeletal and without muscles, or otherwise—revisiting our orb? If so, then I say the ghost-stories of the day are much less interesting than those of my boyhood's days, when the churchyard was their favourite locality and the ceremonies of the grave their garb.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

PHILIP DALY (Brighton).—We are sorry if by an oversight your problem was not acknowledged, but we give every one submitted to us careful consideration. The other three-mover shall appear shortly, and we will report upon the new contribution at an early date.

R. BEE (Cowpen).—Thanks for your good wishes.

A. W. DANIEL (Bridgend).—Problem to hand, with thanks. You may look for a report shortly.

E. J. WINTER-WOOD (Paignton).—We are very glad to hear from you again, and reciprocate your kind wishes. We have no doubt the problem will pass muster.

BETTWS (Bettws y Coed).—In No. 3058, if Black play 1. P to K 5th, the continuation is 2. Q to Kt 3rd, P to K 6th, 3. Kt to B 4th, mate.

A. G. (Pancsova).—Many thanks for your pleasant letter.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3047 received from J. E. (Valparaiso); of No. 3054 from F. B. Cooper (Calgary, Canada); of No. 3055 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3056 from P. N. Hanerji (Dhar, India); of No. 3058 from M. V. FitzGerald (Bagnalstown); of No. 3059 from C. W. Porter (Crawley), A. G. (Pancsova), and F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3060 from Sorrento, C. H. Biddle (Acton), Clement C. Danby, F. J. Candy, M. V. FitzGerald, W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), G. C. B. Albert Wolff (Putney), R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), A. G. (Pancsova), J. F. Moon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Fred Jeffery (Acton), J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), and Dr. Goldsmith.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3061 received from A. Belcher (Wycombe), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Reginald Gordon, W. O. (Bettws y Coed), Fred Jeffery, P. B. (Worthing), J. F. G. Pietersen, W. J. Beame (Nunhead), J. F. Moon, D. B. R. (Oban), A. C. Blackmore, H. Le. June, R. J. Lonsdale, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Sorrento, Martin F. Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Charles Burnett, Albert Wolff (Putney), Edith Corser (Reigate), L. Desanges, Shadforth (Canterbury), Colonel P. J. Damania, E. J. Winter-Wood, R. Worters (Canterbury), George H. Kelland (Jersey), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Captain Barnes, T. Roberts, Thomas Henderson (Leeds), Clement C. Danby, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), J. Coad, G. Bakker (Rotterdam), R. T. Black, and G. C. B.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3060.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE.

1. R to Q B 3rd
2. B to K 7th
3. Mates.

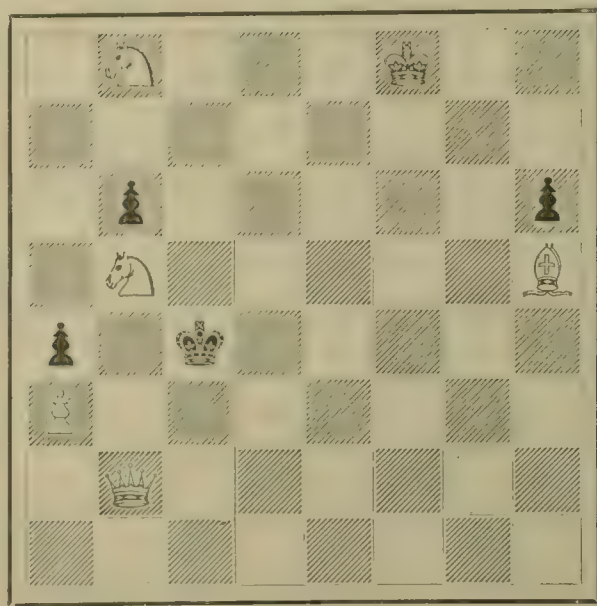
BLACK.

K to K 4th
K moves

If Black play 1. K to Q 4th, 2. B to B 6th, etc. There is, however, another solution by 1. Kt to R 4th, 2. Kt to B 5th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3061. By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BOHEMIA.

Game played by correspondence between Messrs. P. F. DOHNAL and F. ZARA.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Kt to Kt 4th	R to R sq
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	16. K to R sq	Q Kt to B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. P to B 4th	P to B 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	18. Kt to K 5th	
5. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd		
6. P takes P			

A move of some interest. Black having played P to Q Kt 3rd, with a view, of course, to B to K 2nd, it may be good to take the Pawn, as in this case, instead of allowing Black to take it and open the diagonal.

7. P to K 3rd	P takes P	19. P takes Kt	K Kt takes Kt
	B to K 3rd	20. Q R to Q sq	Kt to K 2nd
8. Kt to K 5th	Castles	21. Q to K 2nd	Q to K sq
9. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	22. Kt to Kt 5th	K R to B sq
10. P takes P	B takes P	23. Kt to Q 4th	Q R to B sq
11. Castles	P to K R 3rd	24. B to R 6th	R to B 2nd
12. B to R 4th	P to K Kt 4th	25. R to Q B sq	R to Q 2nd
13. B to Kt 3rd	K Kt to Q 2nd		

A weak move for Black to make, his game being already compromised by the advance of the Pawns on the side of the Castled King.

14. Q to R 5th	K to Kt 2nd	26. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt
		27. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
		28. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes K P
		29. Q takes B	P to B 5th
		30. Q to K 2nd	Q takes P
		31. Q takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Q
		32. B to B 2nd	Resigns.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in Sydney between Messrs. ROSSI and MILES.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	12. P to K R 3rd	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q B 3rd		13. B to R 6th	R to K sq
3. It is usual to play here Kt to Q B 3rd or Kt to K B 3rd. The text-move is inferior, and retards the Queen's side development.		14. P to K 5th	P takes P
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P takes P	Kt to Q 4th
	P to K Kt 3rd	16. B takes B	K takes B
5. Black intends to Castle (K R) with a sort of Pincchetto variation. He should play instead P to Q 4th, which would better have met White's weak opening.		17. Kt to K 4th	R to K B sq
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	18. Kt to Q 6th	Q R to Kt sq
7. P takes P	B to Kt 2nd	19. R to B 4th	Q Kt to K 2nd
8. B to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd	20. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Kt sq
9. Castles	B to Q 2nd	21. R to K R 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
10. Kt to B 3rd		22. Q to K B 4th	B to B 3rd
		23. K Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd
		24. Kt (Q 6) takes B P	
		25. Kt takes P	R takes Q
		26. R to R 7th (ch)	K to B sq
		27. Kt takes P (ch)	K to K sq
		28. B takes P (ch)	R to B 2nd
		29. B takes R (ch)	K to Q 2nd
		30. B takes Kt (ch)	K to B sq
		31. Kt takes Q	Resigns.

Here follows as pretty an ending as need be desired.

Supposing, instead, Q takes Kt, 25. Kt takes Q, R takes Q; 26. Kt takes P (ch), and wins.

He should have played Kt to Kt 5th, and then P to Q 4th, as the threat of B to K 6th is more serious than it appears.

MOROCCO AT THE MOMENT.

Intelligent journalists wishing to anticipate events always turn to Morocco. On the smallest provocation they cry aloud that the Maghreb is threatened. Mene, Mene, the Sultan's administration has been weighed in the balance and found wanting! His kingdom will be taken from him and divided among—? That is the grave question. The solution may plunge Europe into a war that will make the South African Campaign an affair of outposts by comparison. Viscount Wolseley is reported to have admitted as much within the last six months.

Of late we have had another little scare. Certain tribes have rebelled against "their Father" the Sultan, and some Europeans have been in danger. A fanatic killed a Christian in Fez, and was taken from the sanctuary of Mulai Idrees by special order of the Sultan to be tortured and put to death. On the ground that the security of Europeans was endangered by a disturbance in the north, there was recently some gathering of war-vessels round the point of coast that is nearest to the town of Tetuan, where rebels gathered in force. Within the last few days the centre of interest has shifted to Fez, the ancient holy-city of Morocco. There the young Sultan, who had personally taken up arms after the defeat of his brother by the insurgents, has been closely besieged, and, according to certain reports, his situation was well-nigh desperate. The rebels had cut off the water-supply of the town, and an attempt at a sortie was said to have ended in failure. For the Europeans in Fez considerable anxiety was felt.

The writer, who has lived in Morocco and keeps in touch with developments there, was inclined to think, before this untoward turn in the Sultan's affairs, that "their Father" would prevail against all his rebellious children, for he had Maxim guns and a mountain battery, trained troops and tolerable rifles, while his foes have no other equipments than old flintlocks and enthusiasm. But the latter seem for the moment to be the more effective, and should the Sultan fall, and anarchy supervene, the crisis would become one of European importance. Real danger lies in a sudden declaration by any Power that a force must be landed or a coast town occupied in the interest of its subjects. Elsewhere, it lies on that ever-shrinking eastern boundary of Morocco, where a frontier delimitation party, composed mainly of French soldiers and Moorish civilians, has handed over to France all the debateable ground up to Figuig, including much of the territory of the Oolad Djerir and Doui Menai tribes. The French railway that is to connect Oran with St. Louis, Senegal, and cut the heart out of the Moorish caravan trade, is proceeding apace, with military stations at short intervals. A large and newly augmented force of French soldiers is on the extreme western border of Algeria, on territory that was admittedly Moorish when our struggle in South Africa began. During the summer, the force was composed for the most part of native Algerian troops, together with a fair number of protected Moors, but now European drafts are being added, for the great heat is passing and will not return before April. There is nothing very new in this procedure—the programme has been repeated annually for three years; but the land is now planned and surveyed from Figuig to Tafilat, and from Oojda to Fez, and when the moment for action arrives France can occupy Tafilat, Fez, and perhaps Marrakesh, with a well-trained effective force long before any other Power can make a movement beyond the coast. This is the genesis of the uneasiness excited by the recent Moorish unrest.

Happily, M. Delcassé preserves what is called a correct attitude. To be sure, there was a big move on to Moorish territory in the month that saw the battles of Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso, at the moment when Russia was making demands upon this country in connection with Afghanistan. Had Lord Roberts failed in his big advance there is every reason to believe that the French force that moved westward from Algeria, under the command of General Risbourg, would have occupied Tafilat, proclaimed to the tribesmen the end of the Filali dynasty, and the sovereignty of the Shereef of Wazzan, next heir to the Moorish Empire, and French subject.

Between the Algerian hinterland she claims and the Moorish territory she covets, France works quite secretly. Telegraphic communication exists between the head of the railway and Oran, but it is entirely in French hands. The rest of Europe depends for news upon the services of the native runner, or *r'kass*, who appears from time to time in Marrakesh or Fez with extraordinary stories about the "Frances" and their "green devil-guns," stories in which truth and fiction bear the relation of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's famous tavern-bill. The stray indiscretions of the French Nationalist Press do more to enlighten us than all the fairy-tales of the hardy messengers who travel for days, sustaining themselves on hemp, and sleeping with a lighted candle tied to one foot that they may not sacrifice too many hours to slumber.

The Moorish situation, then, may be regarded as complicated and dangerous in so far as France is ready to make a big move when the omens are favourable; and Great Britain cannot allow the Mediterranean *status quo* to be disturbed. Morocco is constantly passing through small civil wars, and very few Sultans have ever experienced six months' peace throughout their dominions. Europeans are unpopular in the interior just now, but they are never very welcome among the more fanatical Moors, and in the best of times would not be allowed to pass alive through the streets of some inland cities, Shefshawan, Mulai Idrees Zarhon, and Abum, for example; while in Mek'nas and Fez they are always liable to insult from the saints and madmen who run wild about the place. Very pious Moslems have been greatly exercised in their minds by the young Sultan's European tastes: his motor-car, bicycles, cameras, and mechanical toys have given great offence in many influential quarters. But the army has hitherto been on his side, he is fairly well advised, and he is not without talent, so that if he can but extricate himself from his predicament in Fez and contrive to restore order, the danger threatening Morocco will hardly be found in the Sovereign's lack of capacity or the unaided protest of disaffected subjects.

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LADIES' PAGES.

The Private View of the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition was an excessively smart function this year. The rooms were crowded with people, and charming and original costumes met one's gaze at every turn. Mrs. Charles Hunter, who was the subject of one of Sargent's Academy pictures last year, attracted a great deal of attention in her beautiful coat of royal blue velvet, made to sweep the ground, from under which appeared the long train of the same material. The shoulders and down the front were ornamented by clusters of grapes of the blue velvet in very high relief; a large collar and muff of chinchilla, with a toque to correspond, finished by an osprey, completed the costume. Mrs. George Alexander's dark blue dress had pale blue tabs and strappings and tiny black-and-white silk tassels; she wore also an ornate version of the military coat, built in iron-grey cloth, and trimmed with narrow lines of scarlet and tabs of gleaming gold. Lady Colin Campbell's hat was in the forefront of fashion, being a black felt with a high jam-pot crown, ornamented by black feathers and green oak-leaves. With a black skirt she had a short coat of grass-green velvet, having a raised pattern of black velvet wandering over it. Lady Charles Beresford was quietly dressed in dark blue, which sombre colour was also chosen by Lady Lewis. Mrs. Jopling, the well-known artist, was simply yet becomingly garbed in a three-quarter length coat of black glacé trimmed by horizontal bands of velvet ribbon, lightened by lace revers; her skirt was a pretty shade of art pink. Many of the smartest people wore long coats. One particularly pretty specimen was in grey velvet, pin-spotted with white, made in the Empire style. A collar of net covered with lace appliqué and edged with sable fell below the belt at the back, while in front were white satin revers edged with the sable. This garment was cut up the back, allowing a very voluminous grey glacé train to appear. One very smart little cape had a collar of sable with numerous little beasts' heads upon it; then came a band of guipure lace, and another deep band of sable, ending in a flounce of gleaming brown velvet; the second band of fur was headed by puffings of brown chiffon. The toque was composed chiefly of velvet, but touches of fur and chiffon harmonised it with the cape. A stylish gown was in grey cloth, showing peeps of orange silk through slits on the hips and under the bust. It opened in front over an orange vest, discreetly veiled with fine lace. A tailor-made gown was in rough pale-green serge, trimmed by bands on skirt and bodice of smooth olive-green cloth piped with white.

Among the most picturesque events at the Durbar must have been the fancy-dress ball, at which all the costumes worn were after the style of a hundred years ago. This was the time of the Republic in France, and the craze for classic simplicity was at its height, owing



AN INDOOR DRESS OF BLACK TAFFETAS AND LACE.

to the desire in the minds of the people of the new-born Republic to imitate in all respects the manners and customs of their prototypes of ancient Greece and Rome. Then, as now, the fashions of England were drawn from those of France, and the hoops, powder, and patches previously in vogue gave way to clinging draperies, styles of hairdressing taken from antique statues, sandals, and other revivals of classical attire. It is to be supposed that it was chiefly the sober English versions of the fashions that were copied at the ball, not the vagaries of the French, who at that time rushed into all sorts of extravagances. For instance, we learn that in 1803 "a certain great lady wore her hair arranged like the quills of a porcupine; a long gold chain and enormous locket hung round her neck. Another lady adopted a cap exactly like her grandfather's night-cap, a veil falling below her waist, and a tunic, with which her puce silk spencer made a startling contrast. Others, again, adhered to the transparent costume, with shoes sandalled high up on the leg." It is not likely that anyone will dress her hair "à la victime," for that entails the loss of the "victim's" tresses, which have to be cropped short. Probably, also, the sandals were all worn over silken stockings, instead of exposing bare feet with gold rings shining on the toes.

Quite within the indicated period came the high-waisted style known to us as "Empire," and which has been somewhat in favour for evening wear during the past few seasons. Thus the ladies attending the ball in India found they had a great variety of designs from which to choose. The Empire costume seems especially suited to slender figures, yet the Empress Josephine, who appears to have worn that one style all her life without wearying of it, had a full figure, so it may be supposed that it is generally becoming to all types. As worn a hundred years ago, petticoats were almost entirely dispensed with, the ambition of the *élégantes* of the day being to outline the figure as much as possible. We even hear of silly girls who used to soak their gowns in warm water before putting them on, as they found that this caused the garments to cling to the shape as nothing else would. It is not likely, however, that any of the guests at the Indian ball went to such lengths. The outdoor dresses were very charming, but were low-necked, short-sleeved, and altogether so fragile in appearance that one wonders if the wearers ever ventured out at all when east winds prevailed, as their warmest wraps consisted of small pelisses, fur tippets, and muffs. Turbans, such as we see in the pictures of Madame de Staël, which look so heavy and unbecoming, were in high favour. Nothing could be prettier than the high-waisted bodices made to fold over, and fastened under the bust by a jewelled girdle. Flowers, both natural and imitation, were largely used for trimming, and the sole decoration of many a dress consisted of garlands of blossoms surrounding the décolletage, forming single or double rows down the front and bordering the hem. The flowers worn in the

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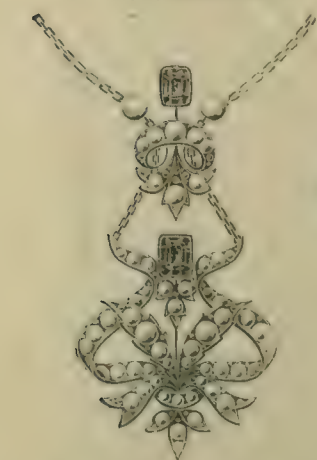
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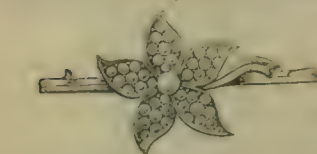


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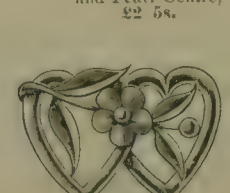
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hair almost always corresponded with those on the dress. The most striking feature about the attire of the men of those days was their extraordinarily high collars, which were frequently so tall as to reach the lobe of the ear. Needless to state, they were not continued round under the chin—or over the mouth as it would have been—but ended a trifle in front of the ear at each side. A lace tie then encircled the throat, finishing in a smart jabot.

Sir Thomas Lipton's "Alexandra Trust" dining-rooms, founded under her Majesty's patronage, where the pathetic yet happy gathering of Dec. 27 took place, are the only example we have in England of "People's Kitchens." These were started in Sweden many years ago, and now exist in practically every large town in Germany and Austria. Those of this latter country have gained the highest reputation, as is shown by the fact that it was the manageress of the Vienna People's Kitchens who was brought to London to oversee the working arrangements of Sir Thomas Lipton's experiment when it was started. But the grandeur of the restaurant in the City Road where Queen Alexandra's guests assembled would strike wonder into the minds of the *habitués* of the foreign "People's Eating Houses," every detail here being on such a lordly scale. It is proved that, when properly managed, a small return upon capital invested in these kitchens is obtainable. This lifts it above being, in the strict meaning of the word, a charity. But the establishment of places where nourishing food, by reason of its being purchased and cooked on a wholesale scale, can be sold to the poor at a considerably less cost than would be expended by them on providing an ill-cooked and unsustaining meal prepared by the busy wife in each individual home, is in another sense the truest charity possible. In the Austrian Public Kitchens the kinds of food ordered for each successive day of the month are prescribed beforehand, the list showing considerable variety, apart from that arising from the seasons of the year. Thus the poor diners have the benefit of the knowledge and experience of those who have made a special study of the elements of nutrition, and the food-stuffs in which those elements are to be obtained most economically, placed at their disposal.

For shopping and country wear how often one sighs for a skirt that clears the ground, and obviates the necessity of devoting one hand constantly to holding it up. Those timid individuals who have not the courage to follow their own wishes on such subjects will be made happy by hearing that the leading Parisian houses have this season introduced short skirts, and that they have already become very popular. They will never, of course, oust the graceful trailing skirt on any occasion that savours at all of ceremony, such as afternoon calling; but for travelling, walking, etc., we are welcoming them as a boon and a



A SMOOTH CLOTH COSTUME WITH SABLE TIE.


blessing. One of the chief charms about these little costumes is their simplicity, that contrasts so strikingly with the elegance and luxury of the gala toilettes of the moment. Skirts which clear the ground are frequently made with large knife-pleats. Sometimes these are put straight into the waistband, but more frequently and becomingly they are set into a yoke on the hips. In one pretty model in which this latter course was adopted, the two front pleats alone rose to the waist-belt, the others ending in the vandyked yoke, which was covered by rows of machine-stitching. The bodice was in the form of a blouse, in which the same idea was repeated. One smart costume was in grey faced cloth and zibeline, the cloth being slightly the lighter in tint. The skirt was made with three large flat pleats on either side, stitched down to the knees, and piped with the zibeline, which material formed a panel at the front of the skirt. The Russian bodice was of the cloth, trimmed by a band of zibeline on the left side worked in dull silver, the turned-down collar and gauntlet cuffs corresponding.

The indoor gown depicted in our Illustrations this week is built of black taffetas, trimmed by bands of white embroidery. The outdoor costume is of smooth cloth, ornamented with guipure lace. The charming boa is of sable, made with long stole ends which are lined with lace.

There is small doubt but that the one point which is indispensable to the making of a beautiful woman is a soft, smooth skin, free from wrinkles and blemishes. All ladies who have realised this spare no pains to procure and keep a clear complexion, and for this purpose the preparations of the Maison Simon are, by universal testimony, absolutely unrivalled. Crème Simon whitens and softens the skin in a marvellous manner, rendering it both clear and velvety, while the Poudre Simon, which is absolutely free from all injurious substances, is famed for its softening effect and delicate perfume. The soap also is excellent.

Beautiful and artistic table-linen was never more admired than it is in these enlightened days, and to all able to appreciate real beauty a visit to Messrs. Walpole Brothers, of 89 and 90, New Bond Street, during the time of their sale will be a real pleasure. No. 90, by the way, is an addition to the premises, it having been found that, with the success which attends on merit, increased space was required to meet the growth of business. The sale now proceeding will show some wonderful bargains, not only in the Irish table damask and household linen, for which this house is justly noted, but also in the ladies' outfitting department. The wise woman will not neglect to lay in at least a stock of handkerchiefs at Walpole's sale, where all the goods are reduced to very exceptional prices.

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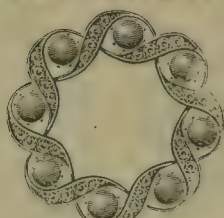
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BREAKFAST ON THE TRAIN.

On New Year's Day the Great Northern Railway Company, the pioneers of the dining-car service on express trains, completed its restaurant service between London and Leeds and Bradford, down and up. Two splendidly appointed new corridor trains have been built,

coupler, Gold's patent heating apparatus, clerestory roof, patent torpedo ventilators, and is provided with the automatic vacuum brake. The upholstering and lighting arrangements have received special attention, and are of the most modern and luxurious description. The possibility of draughts is obviated by the construction of the doors at the ends instead of at the sides of

Ivatt. The new trains came into ordinary working on Thursday, Jan. 1. An excellent idea of their expedition and serviceableness was gained during the trial run of the new rolling stock. The special train left London at 9.30 a.m., and reached Leeds at 1.5. Twenty-five minutes later it began its return journey, and arrived at King's Cross at half a minute past five o'clock. The



A RESTAURANT CAR ON ONE OF THE NEW TRAINS.



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THE COMPLETION OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY'S SERVICE OF BREAKFAST AND LUNCHEON CARS BETWEEN LONDON AND LEEDS.

and the special feature of the service is an early breakfast-car train, and later in the day a luncheon-car train. At a trial trip on Dec. 30 some record running was attained. The early down train is timed to accomplish the journey to Leeds in four hours exactly, thirteen minutes more completing the distance to Bradford. In the new trains each carriage is constructed upon two six-wheeled bogies, is fitted with Pullman patent vestibule continuous platform, buffer and automatic

the car. The trains are provided with adequate lavatory accommodation of the most approved description; smoking-compartments fitted with tables being also provided. The new trains, which both in construction and appointments are unsurpassed by anything hitherto designed for use in this country—or, indeed, in Europe—have been built and fitted in the Great Northern shops at Doncaster, under the supervision of the designer, the company's Locomotive Superintendent, Mr. H. A.

whole distance of the journey down and up was 372½ miles, which had been covered in 7 hours 5 min. of actual running. The average speed was fifty-four miles an hour, and at certain points on the line the speed attained was as great as seventy-six miles an hour. The time, splendid as it was, would have been even better had it not been for a loss of two minutes on each journey owing to a cautionary signal near the Tube railway works at Finsbury Park.

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE!! NOW! IS THE CONSTANT SWING OF THE PENDULUM OF TIME!

**You can change the course of the trickling stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts.
The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm.**

The common idea when not feeling well is, 'I will wait and see—perhaps I shall feel better to-morrow'; whereas had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided.

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It is not too much to say that the merits of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' have been published, tested and approved, literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 1, 1896, with eight codicils) of Mr. Charles Ryder, of Gledhow Hill, Leeds, head of the firm of Tetley and Son, Limited, brewers, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Dec. 27 by Charles Foster Ryder, the son, the Rev. George Percy Howard Frost, the son-in-law, and Thomas Stephenson Simpson, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £446,938. The testator gives £1000 each to his children; £1000 and the use and enjoyment of his residence, with the effects therein, to his unmarried children; £1000 to the Rev. G. P. H. Frost; £210 each to his executors; £1000 and an annuity of £400 to his sister Mrs. Sarah Noyes, for life, and then for her husband, John Noyes, for his life; £1000 each to his sisters Eliza Ryder and Isabella Maxwell Tetley, and to his daughter-in-law, Annie Ryder; £1000 for distribution among the employés of Tetley and Son; £500 each to his nephews Charles Francis Clark and Frank Tetley, to his niece, Mary Louisa Griffith, and to Mrs. Harriett Millard; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, the share of his sons to be double that of his daughters.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1898), with two codicils (dated June 1901 and May 29, 1902), of Mr. Henry Durlacher, of Edgefield, Carlisle Road, Eastbourne, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on Dec. 15 by Godfrey Durlacher, George Lionel Durlacher, and Frederick Henry Keeling

Durlacher, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £101,886. The testator gives £500, his residence, with the furniture, etc., therein, and the leasehold house, 134, Harley Street, to his wife; £199 to his daughter Mrs. Florence Payne; £250 to Mrs. Charlotte Samuel, and she and her daughter Amy are to have the use and enjoyment of 14, Thorngate Road, N.W.; £100 each to his executors; and the house and lands called Dunmore to his daughter Mrs. Payne, for life, and then for his granddaughter, Gethen Payne. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease he further gives £16,000, in trust, for his daughter Evelina Adeline until she shall marry, when £10,000 part thereof is to be held on further trusts for her, and £6000 is to go to his son Frederick Henry Keeling; £10,000 to his son Godfrey; £7000 to his son Harry Montague; £6000 each to his son George Lionel, George Philip, Alexander Percy, and Neville John; £4000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Payne; and £2500 to his daughter Mrs. Gertrude Amy Wrangham; and the ultimate residue to his children, except his daughter Evelina Adeline. Mr. Durlacher also gives £40 per annum each to his granddaughters Gethen and Gladys Payne, during the life of their mother, payable out of the income of the legacies hereby given to her.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1901), with a codicil (dated July 17, 1902), of Mr. William Henry Scott, of Saint Oswins, Tynemouth, and of Newcastle, shipowner, who

died on Aug. 16, has been proved by Mrs. Emma Scott, the widow, Mrs. Florence Parker-Jervis, the daughter, and Colonel Charles Edward Parker-Jervis, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £97,527. The testator gives the household furniture, etc., the use of his house in Front Street, and the income arising from one half of his property (but such annual sum is not to exceed £1500), to his wife; £150 per annum, in trust, for his daughter Emma Meggie Scott; and £1000 to his daughter-in-law Dora Scott. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves, in trust, for his two daughters, Mrs. Florence Parker-Jervis and Mrs. Mary Isabella Parker-Jervis.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1897), with a codicil (dated Oct. 5, 1899), of Mr. Edward Campbell Philpot, of Lynton Croft, Park Hill, Croydon, and late of the Stock Exchange, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Dec. 13 by Miss Henrietta Florence Isidora Philpot, the step-daughter, George William Taylor, and Herbert Allen Broad, the executors, the value of the estate being £89,512. The testator gives £700, the household and domestic articles, and such an annual sum as with the income from her marriage settlement will make up £2000 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Florence Arabella Isidora Philpot; £200 to Frederick Benjamin Philpot; £500 to his cousin, Frances Caroline Philpot; £500 each to his nephews Francis Bevil Prideaux and Philip Edward Prideaux; £200 each to George William Taylor and Herbert Allen Broad; and legacies to servants and

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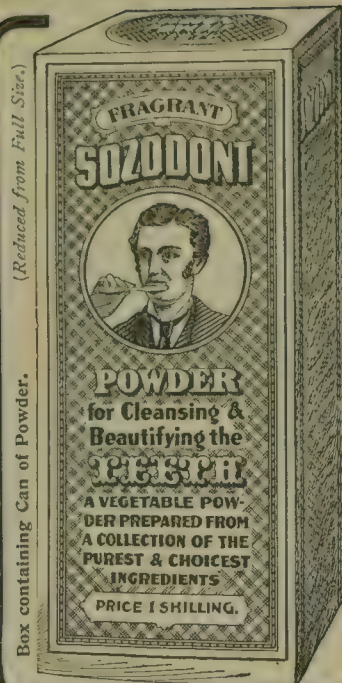
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clerks. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his said stepdaughter.

The will (dated April 10, 1900), with a codicil (dated July 21, 1902), of Mr. Edwin Piper, of Rosemont, Yelverton, Devon, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Dec. 27 by William Ernest Hiscock Howard, Charles Davidson Brighthouse, and Frederick William Murray, the executors, the value of the estate being £88,065. The testator bequeaths £250 each to his children Mrs. Sarah Jessie Brighthouse, Mrs. Clara Howard, Ernest Edwin, and Frederick Stanley; £100, an annuity of £200, and the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Huxham Piper; £100 and £300 to John Francis Henry Osborne; and £75 to his servant, Annie Bee. Until his youngest son attains twenty-five years of age the following annuities are to be paid—namely, £150 to his daughter Mrs. Howard; £125 to his daughter Mrs. Brighthouse; £300, in trust, for his son Frederick Stanley; and £275 to his son Edwin Ernest. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated May 21, 1902) of Mr. Frederick John Matthews, of The Parsonage Farm, High Easter, Essex, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Dec. 22 by John Rayment Matthews, the son, and Frederick John Matthews and Joseph Hugh Matthews, the grandsons, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £87,586. The testator gives £3000 each and certain farms and lands to his grandsons Leonard Frederick, Edwin Joseph, and Herbert Poole Matthews; £2000 each and his other farms and lands, with the crops, live

and dead stock, to his grandsons Frederick John and Joseph Hugh; £1000 to the Independent Congregational Chapel at High Easter, in trust, for the augmentation of the stipend of the minister; £1000 each to his granddaughters Elizabeth Mary, Agnes May, and Mary C. Matthews; £1000 to his daughter-in-law Hannah Elizabeth Matthews; £6000 to his daughter-in-law Mary Matthews; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated June 5, 1890) of Mr. William Gordon Clark, of 95, Finsbury Pavement, and 114, Finchley Road, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Dec. 17 by Mrs. Jane Miller Clark, the widow, and Donald McKechnie, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £84,916. The testator leaves all his property in Natal, the Orange River Colony, and South Africa, in trust for his sons Douglas and Colin; £250 and the household furniture to his wife; £500 to his sister, Mrs. Annie Ewest; and 100 guineas to his clerk, Patrick Brown. The residue of his property in the United Kingdom is to be held in trust for Mrs. Clark during her life or widowhood; but on his children Douglas, Colin, Constance, and Dorothy attaining twenty-one years of age, one sixteenth of the income is to be paid to each of them. Should Mrs. Clark again marry, she is to receive £5000, and subject thereto, the ultimate residue is to be held in trust for his children.

The will (dated May 28, 1902) of Mr. Charles Manley-Smith, of 45, Prince's Gardens, and the Inner Temple, who died on Nov. 13, has been proved by Ernest

Manley-Smith, the son, and Dillon Ross Lewin Lowe, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £55,879. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Georgina Fanny Manley-Smith; £100 each to his executors; £300 to his son-in-law William Welsh; and small legacies to his children, grandchildren, and coachman. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, for life, and then he gives £5000 each, in trust, for his daughters Mrs. Katherine Maud Gibson, Mrs. Amy Georgina Hartland, and Mrs. Florence Welsh; £3000 to his son Arthur Morton; and the ultimate residue between his children, Ernest, Bertram Robert, Gertrude Maria, and Reginald Masters.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1899), with a codicil (dated Nov. 9, 1900), of Mr. John Watts, of Allendale, Wimborne, for some time Minister of Lands and Works in Queensland, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 23 by Mrs. Caroline Sophia Watts, the widow, and Mrs. Elizabeth Franks, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £51,220. The testator bequeaths £1000, the household furniture, and during her widowhood the income from £10,000 to his wife; £2500 each to his daughters, Mrs. Franks and Mrs. Agnes Anne Peppercorn; £5000, in trust, for the children of his son Thomas Webb Watts; £7500 to his son John Watts; £150 to his coachman, George Hill; and other legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves between his son John and his daughters, Mrs. Franks and Mrs. Peppercorn.

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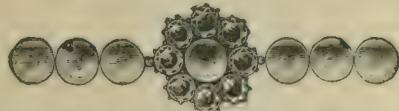
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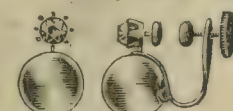
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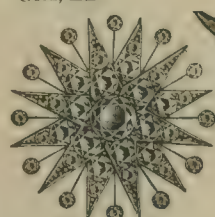
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Although the weather at Bournemouth was remarkably brilliant during the last week of the year, the Bishop of London was not very often seen abroad. He has been a good deal shaken by his recent attack of influenza, which followed on an autumn of exceptionally heavy work, and he is still obliged to avoid exposure. He took his carriage with him to Bournemouth, and his first drives were on the sunny cliffs towards Southbourne and Canford. Last year at this time the Bishop preached a strikingly eloquent sermon at St. John's Church, Boscombe, and he also addressed a crowded meeting in the Mont Dore room on behalf of the East London Fund.

Perhaps the best of all the pulpit tributes to the late Archbishop was the children's sermon preached by the Dean of Westminster at the Abbey. No one else had told quite so frankly that the Archbishop as a lad was actually obliged to follow the plough, although the late Primate used proudly to say that when he was seventeen he could drive as straight a furrow as any lad in Devon. The Dean also mentioned that the only thing which troubled the young ploughman was having to wear patched clothes and patched boots. Curiously enough, the lad who was so sensitive in matters of dress became in later life completely careless about his costume, and

loved to hide the clerical linen under the working man's woollen comforter.

The Bishop of Winchester's movements have attracted much attention during the past fortnight, since it was believed that any day might bring the news of his elevation to the Primacy of the Church of England. Dr. Randall Davidson spent the last Sunday of the year as the guest of the Bishop of Guildford and Mrs. Sumner at Winchester, and he preached the funeral sermon for the Dean at the Cathedral in the morning. One of the latest occasions on which Londoners had an opportunity of hearing Bishop Davidson was at the great united service of intercession for the recovery of his Majesty King Edward. It was held at the Queen's Hall on June 25, and the Bishops of London and Durham, with many eminent Free Church leaders, were on the platform. It was noticed that the Bishop of Winchester was especially interested in the address of Principal Rainy.

The late Bishop of St. Albans was little known to the mass of Londoners, though he had appeared not long ago on the platform of the Bible Society. He was a quiet though by no means an uninteresting speaker, and if he had worked in the Free Churches, would have been described as a great pastor. What he lacked in

eloquence was abundantly supplied in zeal, activity, and organising gifts.

The Rector of Spitalfields gives some striking figures in his annual report on the work of his parish. He mentions that there are 4661 homeless people in the district, and that nearly twenty-five thousand persons are living on seventy-two acres of ground. No wonder that this able and indefatigable East-End clergyman should confess that "there are times when we are tempted to flee from it altogether." But he adds immediately, "We grow ashamed of ourselves when we think of the manifold encouragements which it has pleased God to give us from time to time."

Canon Scott Holland has been spending the Christmas holidays in Cornwall, on a visit to the Bishop of Truro. He has now replaced Canon Newbolt as Sunday afternoon preacher at St. Paul's.

Learning and good taste go, as usual, to the making of the annual volume which chronicles the proceedings of "The Upper Norwood Athenæum." This year the editors, Mr. J. Stanley and Mr. W. F. Harradence, have adorned their record with a larger number of pictures than ever to illustrate the excursions of the society.

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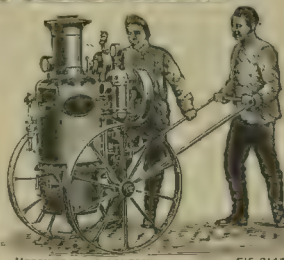
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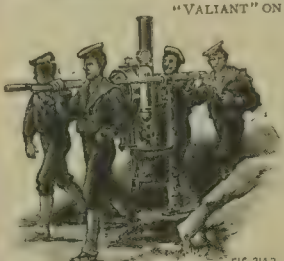
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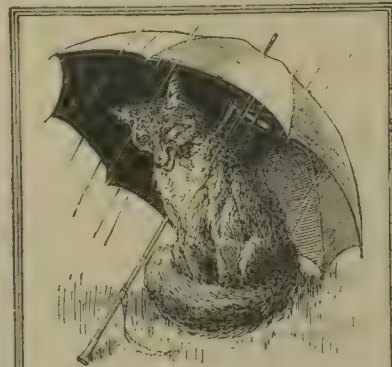
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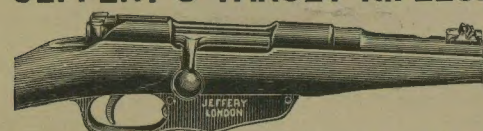
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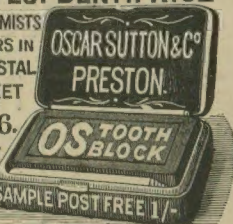
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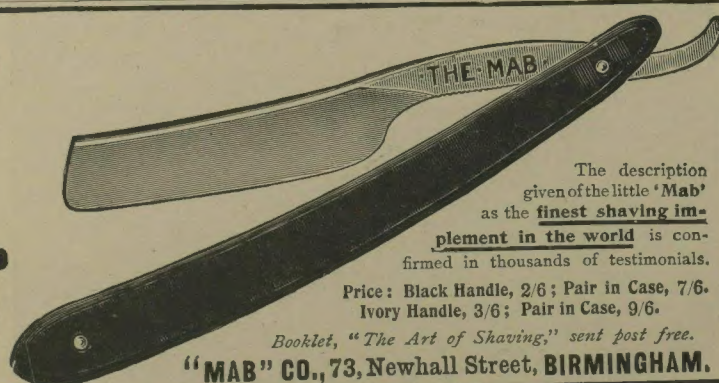
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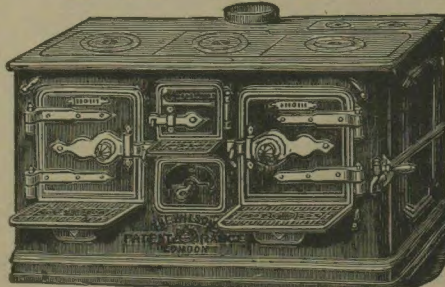
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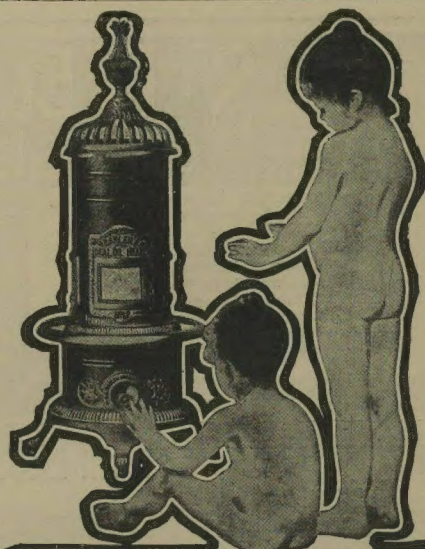


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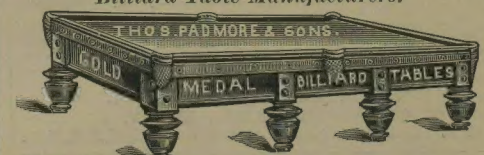
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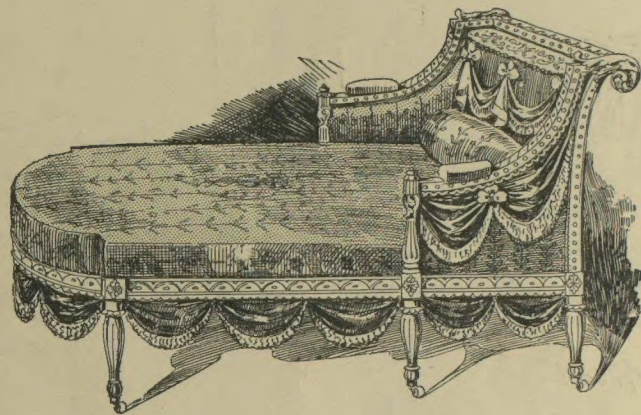
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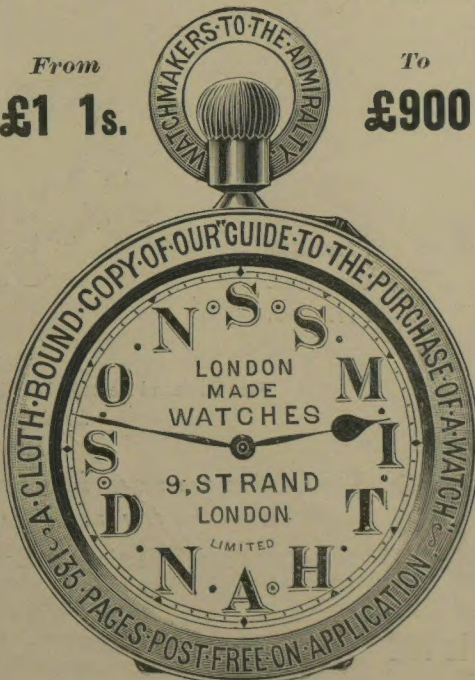
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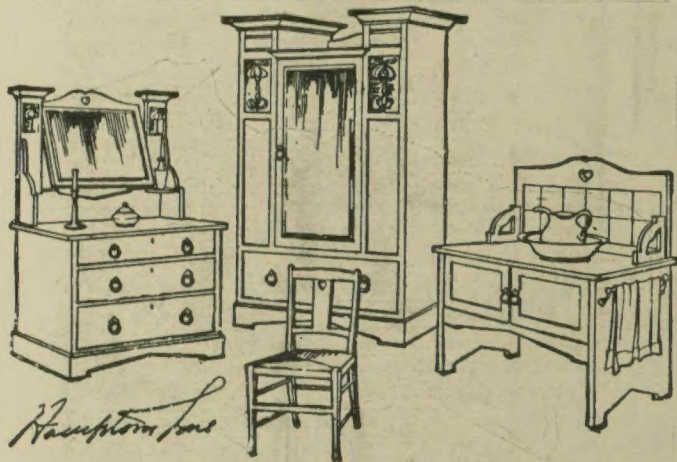
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HAIR TONIC applied to the **FINGER-NAILS** will improve their beauty and strengthen their growth. The effect is remarkable and almost instantaneous and can only be explained by the similarity of the growth of the Nail to that of the Hair.

Pour a little on the hands night and morning and rub into the Nails. It can immediately be washed off, but its effect will be unimpaired.

How Ladies should Apply it.

Before washing the hair have the entire scalp thoroughly rubbed with the Tonic, which can then be washed off in warm water with the aid of any good Soap ("Vaseline" Toilet Soap is recommended for the purpose). The scalp will be found to have absorbed sufficient of the Tonic to last for days. In very severe cases, where the hair falls out in handfuls, this treatment should be frequently repeated. The effect will be marked from the first application—the hair will gradually cease to fall out, and a luxuriant growth be established.

For Men's Use.

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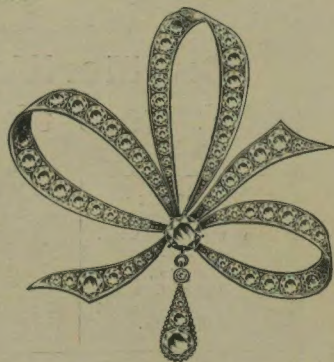
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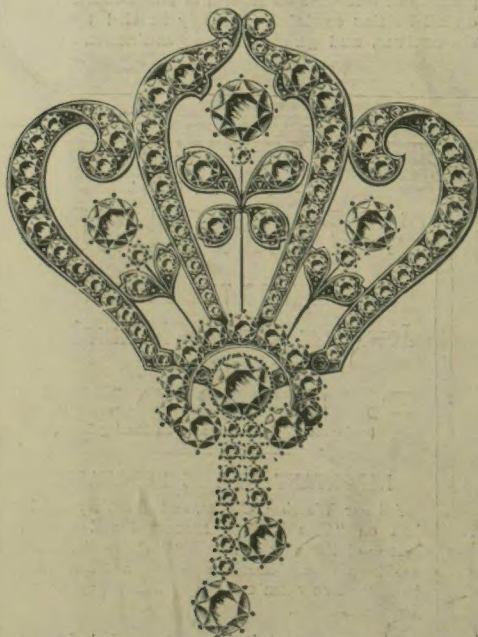
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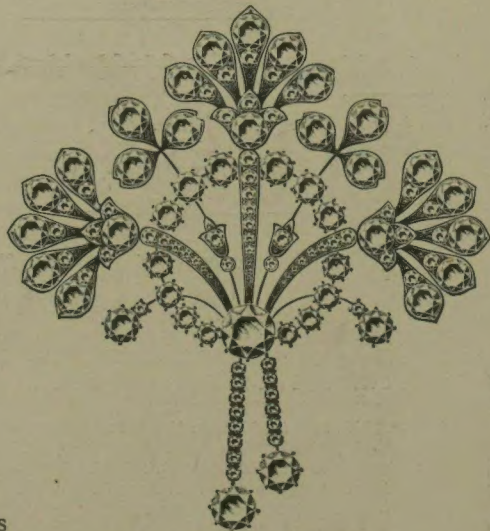
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